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The Case for Father Garnet.

"I believe it to be impossible for any man to discuss this controversy without some bias on the one side or the other. Absolute impartiality, from the very nature of the subject, seems to be unattainable, and I make no pretence to it myself. But I will endeavour to state concisely but fairly the evidence adduced by both sides, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions."—Hosack, *Mary Stewart*.

ALTHOUGH I have no wish to prolong the discussion which Father Ethelred Taunton's *History of the English Jesuits* has forced upon us, it appears advisable on this occasion to say a word respecting one particular question, that which concerns Father Garnet's connection with the Gunpowder Plot. Upon this subject Father Taunton adopts an attitude which has not only never been adopted by Catholic writers, but not even by non-Catholics, always excepting the Protestant Alliance or kindred bodies to which we do not usually look for fairness or scholarship. At the same time, critics of his *History* who show themselves by no means too favourable to his methods or conclusions have singled out this particular as that which he has treated most satisfactorily, and in regard of which his verdict may claim the greatest weight.

I purpose, therefore, to lay before my readers as succinctly as possible a sketch of the state of this question, and the original evidence upon which its solution depends, adding such comments only as seem necessary for the intelligibility of the documents produced.

The question to be examined is this: had Father Garnet any such knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot as made it criminal on his part not to have revealed it? It was such concealment alone that his accusers tried to prove against him, and it is on the score of this that his execution has been justified.

This being so, we must endeavour to be quite clear as to the issue before us. On Father Garnet's side it is said, that the only knowledge possessed by him, which was sufficiently specific

to make it his duty to inform, was imparted under the Seal of Confession. We are told that Catesby, the chief of the conspiracy, wishing to justify his design, either to himself or to his confederates, sought counsel in the confessional of the Jesuit Father Greenway, and that Greenway, with his permission, similarly consulted Father Garnet, his Superior; it being agreed in both instances that should the plot ever become public the obligation to secrecy should no longer bind the confessor.

On the other hand, it is denied, in the first place, that Garnet obtained the knowledge from Greenway in Confession, and it is moreover urged that, quite apart from this communication, he had information which made it his duty to warn the authorities that some violence was contemplated.

As to the first point, to which for the present I shall confine myself,—it is argued that the story told on Garnet's behalf does not hang well together. Why, it is asked, should Greenway have consulted Garnet at all? What business had he to mention Catesby's name or that of others? How could he release Garnet from the obligation of secrecy, under any conditions, this being Catesby's right and not his? Did not Garnet contradict his own statements in this regard?

In such an investigation, it is obvious, no conclusions are of any weight which are not based on the historical material available to us: *a priori* methods must be useless, and worse.

When we ask what materials we have to aid us in forming a judgment upon the matter, it is at once obvious that from three persons alone could first-hand evidence possibly be forthcoming. The only men who could speak of their own knowledge as to the facts, were Catesby, Greenway, and Garnet, and consequently in respect of testimony they stand alone. Of this trio, Catesby, who died in the field without ever being subject to examination, has left nothing whatever in the way of information, and we are therefore wholly dependent on the other two. From each of them we obtain very full statements as to what occurred, directly under their own hand in what they wrote, and indirectly through the reports of others who heard what they said.

From Father Greenway we have in the first place the autograph narrative preserved at Stonyhurst. This is for the most part an Italian rendering of that written in English by Father John Gerard; but whenever the translator can of his own

knowledge supplement his original, he amplifies freely, as in the passage to be now given. In this is described, from the report, officially published, an examination of Father Garnet before the Council, in which our subject cropped up. The parts here italicised are of Greenway's adding. It will be seen that, according to his invariable practice, he speaks of himself in the third person; it is Father Gerard who tells us that it was Greenway himself whom Garnet named as his informant. The narration runs thus:

[Father Garnet replied to his examiners] that now the time was come when without offence of God he might utter that little which he knew, though they, perhaps, would think it much. It was true, he said, that only one man in the world could affirm that he had ever known anything of this business, whereof without his seeking or willing he had information, yea, much against his desire, he not being at liberty to refuse a hearing when he heard it; that up to this present it had never been allowed him without grievous offence of God our Creator to reveal to any living man either the person or the matter, since he had his knowledge under the secret of the seal of the Sacrament of Penance, which as Catholics know is inviolable, as do all who understand the nature of that Sacrament. They demanded of him who it was from whom he thus had the information. The good Father named a priest,¹ *who, having in like manner had the information in confession, had come to make his own confession and take counsel,² having permission from his penitent so to do; though I have heard this priest protest on his salvation that prior to the discovery of the plot he had never mentioned to his said penitent or any other that he had thus consulted Father Henry (Garnet); and Father Henry himself, as though foreseeing what actually happened, begged and commanded him never to disclose that he had spoken to him on the subject in confession, and asked his advice.* The Lords demanded how it was that, the seal of confession being so inviolable, he could thus name the thing and the person, yet could not do so to save the lives of the King and the nobility. To this the Father replied that the secrecy of the Seal in the Sacrament depends entirely on the will of the penitent, and not of the priest, *who, forecasting the danger which the knowledge obtained in that confession might bring him, especially amongst those who make scant account of the Sacrament, when he should be known to have had intimation of the conspiracy, demanded permission therefore of his penitent should the plot be discovered. . . .*

Here unfortunately the account breaks off. Greenway had evidently meant to write at large on a subject which, as most

¹ Father Gerard in his narrative adds: "The man was Oswald Tesimond." (*Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, p. 175. Edit. 1871.) Tesimond was Greenway's true name, but he is far better known by his *alias*.

² "Era venuto da lui a confessarsi et consigliarsi."

delicate for him to handle, required the fullest deliberation, and he left a page and a half blank for the purpose, going on with the main thread of the story as told by Father Gerard. The blank, however, was never filled, probably for the same cause which brought his whole narrative a little farther on to an abrupt and premature end. He has, however, said enough to leave no doubt as to the drift of what was to follow, and happily we have a witness who is able, in great measure at least, to fill up the gap which he himself has left. This is the Cretan Jesuit, Andreas Eudæmon Joannes, who, in addition to various other controversies with English writers, undertook in more than one work the defence of Father Garnet's memory, and who expressly cites Father Greenway, who was with him at Rome, as one of the authorities on whom he principally relied.¹ From him we learn that Catesby came to Greenway in confession, as though to resolve his own conscience, professing that if he could be convinced that there was anything in his project even venially sinful, he would at once desist, but that finding a specious reply to everything Greenway could urge, and professing himself quite convinced, he asked that Father Garnet should be consulted, to see what he could say, "under this condition that he too should be bound by the sacramental seal, unless the matter should otherwise become public and some just cause should urge him to speak."²

This account not only harmonizes with what we have heard above from Greenway, but exactly agrees with what on various occasions our second witness, Father Garnet himself, declared. And here it is to be remembered that there cannot possibly have been any collusion. Neither did Garnet in the Tower of London know what story Greenway would tell years afterwards in Rome, nor had Greenway any means of divining except in their general drift what were Garnet's statements, for these were contained in documents which for two centuries after were jealously screened from the public eye.

We shall see presently how Father Garnet told the tale in letters intended for the devoted Anne Vaux, and for Greenway

¹ See *Apologia pro Henrico Garnetto*, ff. 230, 260, 284, 330. Eudæmon Joannes says in one place, "Catesby promised Greenwell (Greenway) as the latter assured me. . . ." And in another, "Greenwell to my frequent and earnest inquiries thus replied . . ."

² *Apologia*, ff. 258, 330.

himself; here it will be sufficient to cite the declaration which he penned for the Lords Commissioners¹ appointed to examine him.

. . . Until this very instant (excepting such as lately I have acquainted with this my confession) I assure myself that all I have conversed withal would take it upon their consciences that I was never acquainted in particular with the action of the powder, except him of whom now I begin to speak. For within few days came home to me Mr. Tesimond, *alias* Greenwell, and, walking with me in my chamber, seemed much perplexed. He said he had a thing in his mind which he would fain tell me, but that he was bound to silence, and it was about some device of Mr. Catesby. I said that in truth I had an inkling of some matter intended by him, and that he was desirous to acquaint me, but that I refused to hear him in respect of the prohibition we had from Rome, and of the danger of the matter at home, and so we walked long together as it were in a balance, whether he should tell or I give him a hearing. At last I told him that if he heard the matter out of confession he might tell it me with a safe conscience, because Mr. Catesby had offered to tell me himself, and so it might be presumed that it should not be an injury to him and breach of promise. As for myself, I desired to know so that it would never be known to Mr. Catesby or others that he had told me, and hereof afterward I gave him also a special charge. He said that in regard of his promise of secrecy, he not being master of other men's secrets, he would not tell me but by way of confession, for to have my direction; but because it was tedious to relate so long a discourse in confession kneeling, if I would take it as in confession walking, and after take his confession kneeling, either then or at any other time, he would tell me; and so discovered unto me all the matter as it is publicly known abroad. . . . Thus the matter being opened unto me, I was amazed, and said it was a most horrible thing, and never heard of the like; besides that I thought it in itself unlawful to attempt any violence against the State or the King, and that the Pope had also forbidden any stirring, . . . so that I could no way like of it, and charged him to hinder it if he could, for he knew well enough what strict prohibition we had. He said that in truth he had disclaimed it, and protested that he did not approve it, and that he would do what lay in him to dissuade it. How he performed it after, I have not heard, but by the report of Bates his confession,² which may chance to be of small account both for the desire he might have of his life, and of the breach of the secret of confession, for the penitent in matter of weight is

March 9, 160⁵; Hatfield. Printed in the *English Historical Review*, July 1888, p. 510.

² Bates, servant to Catesby, and one of the conspirators, was said to have told Greenway of the Plot in confession, as well as his master, and to have been encouraged by him to go on and keep the matter secret. Father Garnet showed, not in this passage only, that he suspected this incident to be a fraud.

bound to secrecy as well as the confessor.¹ . . . So we parted, yet with this compact, that if ever I should be called in question for being accessory unto such a horrible action, either by the Pope, or by my Superiors beyond, or by the State here, I would have liberty to utter all that passed in this confession, which he gave me. . . .

Another point was raised by Garnet's enemies at the time, the solution of which appears so obvious to Catholics that it might almost have been passed over, had it not been invested with seeming importance by the apparent acceptance of a Catholic priest. Father Garnet being asked by his judges whether Greenway manifested true contrition for what he confessed, and if not whether such an unrepentant confession bound the confessor to secrecy, replied that he, Greenway, spoke of the plot not as his own design or act, and therefore did not confess it, but mentioned it "by way of confession" to obtain advice as to his own course of action. Thereupon the farther objection was raised, that if it were not a confession, the Seal of Confession could not be pleaded. But as Dr. Lingard remarks,² "It is universally understood among Catholics that, if a confessor consult another theologian respecting any case made known to him in confession, that person, in whatever way the information may be conveyed, is equally bound to secrecy with the confessor himself. Garnet's answers are all founded on this doctrine."

The further objection is brought, that Father Garnet himself was not consistent in his story, and shuffled in his replies, not venturing, as the inquiry proceeded, to maintain that Greenway's communication was really in confession or *per modum confessionis*. There is no need to do more than recount the circumstances whereon this charge is based. As Dr. Lingard tells us,³ Father Garnet having been assured that Greenway had been captured, which was untrue, was further informed that he contradicted Garnet himself, declaring that his communication was *not* made in confession ("this," says Lingard, "is plain from the drift of his answers"). Hereupon he was of course grievously perplexed. As Lingard relates it, "He wavered, made several attempts to reconcile his own with the

¹ Father Garnet, it will be observed, limits this obligation of the penitent to "matters of weight." He evidently means that it is a gross injustice for the penitent to make a statement compromising one who is absolutely tongue-tied, and can say nothing in his defence.

² *History*, vii. App. D, 4.

³ *History*, vii. 79, 80. Edit. 1883.

supposed statement of Greenway, and concluded by declaring that, whatever might have been the intention of his brother, he had always considered the communication as made with reference to confession."

It would certainly appear that Father Garnet's persistent and unflinching adherence to the essentials of his story, under such circumstances, and so far as his own part was concerned, in regard of which alone he could be positive, must be regarded as strongly confirming it.

But, it is said, Father Garnet contradicted his own original story far more explicitly than this, and when he found there was no hope of escape, owned to his guilt in having concealed the knowledge of the conspiracy which he was bound to have disclosed. What are the facts of the case in this regard?

It is clear in the first place that, whatever assertions to the contrary may be hazarded, from first to last he constantly denied having had any knowledge of the actual Plot except in the confessional. It is likewise evident that his accusers themselves were quite unaware of any admission to the contrary, and to the last were dissatisfied with the avowals they had succeeded in extorting from him. This appears from the official account of his execution published in the *True and Perfect Relation*, in which we read as follows :¹

Then the Recorder of London (who was by his Majesty appointed to be there), asked Garnet if he had anything to say to the people before he died. It was no time to dissemble, and now his treasons were too manifest to be dissembled; therefore if he would, the world should witness, what at last he censured of himself, and of his fact. But Garnet, unwilling to take the offer, said his voice was low, his strength gone, the people could not hear him, though he spake to them; but to those about him on the scaffold, he said: The intention was wicked, and the fact would have been cruel, and from his soul he should have abhorred it, had it effected. But, he said, he had only a general knowledge of it by Mr. Catesby, which in that he disclosed not, nor used means to prevent it, *herein* he had offended. What he knew in particulars was in confession, as he said.

This is undoubtedly precisely the same account as from the beginning he had given. From it he never swerved, not even in the documents now to be examined, in which it has been sought to find an avowal that he knew of the Powder Plot out of

¹ Sig. Fff.

confession, and an argument to show that he cannot have spoken on the scaffold as we have seen he undoubtedly did.

Just a month before his execution, three dignitaries of the Anglican Church had been sent to Father Garnet in prison to tell him a cruel lie, with the object of breaking his spirit and making him more easy to handle in examination. These men informed him that his fellow-Catholics were grievously shocked at his conduct in the whole affair, so much so, that multitudes had forsaken the Church in disgust. This falsehood, confirmed by the Lieutenant of the Tower, had its effect. Father Garnet, believing what was told him, was overwhelmed with anguish and remorse. He was clearly convinced that, to have caused such a scandal, he must have done something very wrong, and that accordingly his concealment of the *general* knowledge to which he always owned, and of which there will be more to say, must have been criminal in a degree he had not imagined. Such sentiments, and the self-reproaches they awakened, are plainly reflected in the two letters which he then wrote, and which have recently been cited as damning evidence against him, though they do nothing, so far as facts are concerned, but confirm his other declarations.

The first of these, dated April 4, is to the King, and runs thus:¹

I, Henry Garnet, of the Society of Jesus, Priest, do here freely protest before God, that I hold the late intention of the powder action to have been altogether unlawful and most horrible, as well in respect of the injury and treason to his Majesty, the Prince, and others that should have been sinfully murdered at that time, as also in respect of infinite other innocents, which should have been present. I also protest that I was ever of opinion that it was not lawful to attempt any violence against the King's Majesty and the estate after he was once received by the realm. Also I acknowledge that I was bound to reveal all knowledge that I had of this or any other treason out of the Sacrament of Confession. And whereas, partly upon hope of prevention, partly for that I would not betray my friend, I did not reveal the general knowledge of Mr. Catesby's intention which I had by him, I do acknowledge myself highly guilty, to have offended God, the King's Majesty and estate; and humbly ask of all forgiveness; exhorting all Catholics whatsoever, that they no way build upon my example, but by prayer and otherwise seek the peace of the realm, hoping in his Majesty's merciful disposition, that they shall enjoy their

¹ P.R.O. *Dom. James I.* xx. 12.

wonted quietness, and not bear the burden of mine or others' defaults or crimes. In testimony whereof I have written this with my own hand.

The other letter, which furnished a gloss on the above, is dated on the previous day and addressed to Anne Vaux.¹

. . . I understand by the Doctors which were with me and by Mr. Lieutenant, that great scandal was taken at my arraignment, and five hundred Catholics turned Protestants; which if it should be true, I must think that many other Catholics are scandalized at me also. I desire all to judge of me in charity; for, I thank God, most humbly, in all my speeches and actions I have had a desire to do nothing against the glory of God; and so I will touch as near as I remember every point. I found myself so touched by all that have gone before, but especially by the testimony of two that did hear our confessions and conferences,² and misunderstand us, that I thought it would make our actions much more excusable to tell the truth than to stand to the torture or trial by witnesses. I acknowledged that Mr. Greenwell (Greenway) only told me in confession; yet so that I might reveal it if after I should be brought into question for it. I also said I thought he had it in confession, so that he could reveal it to none but to me; and so neither of us was bound or could reveal it. I thought Mr. Greenwell was beyond sea, and that he could have no harm; but if he be in their fingers, I hope his charity is such that he would be content to bear part with me. He was so touched that my acknowledgments did rather excuse him; for I said (as it was true) that we both conspired to hinder it. And so I hope he did. For Bates' accusation is of no credit, he revealing confession, if it were true. For matters of the Pope's authority, of *sigillum confessionis*, of equivocation, I spoke as moderately as I could, and as I thought I was bound; if any were scandalized thereat, it was not my fault but their own. The Breves³ I thought necessary to acknowledge for many causes, especially Mr. Catesby having grounded himself thereon, and not on my advice. I remember nothing else that could scandalize. But I was *in medio illusorum* [in the midst of deceivers]; and it may be Catholics may also think strange that we should be acquainted with such things, but who can hinder but he must know things sometimes which he would not? I never allowed it; I sought to hinder it more than men can imagine, as the Pope will tell: it was not my

¹ *Dom. James I.* xx. 7—11. Much of this letter is occupied with mere business details. I copy Mr. Jardine's version, from which these are omitted.

² *i.e.*, The "Hole in the wall" spies.

³ These had been sent to him from Rome in the time of Elizabeth, to be promulgated when the time should come for selecting a successor to the Queen amid the multitude of aspirants. Their purport was to enjoin on Catholics the duty of securing a Catholic Sovereign.

part, as I thought, to disclose it. I have written a detestation of that action for the King to see; and I acknowledge myself not to die a victorious martyr but a penitent thief, as I hope I shall do; and so I shall say at the execution, whatsoever others have said or held before. Let everybody consider, if they had been twenty-three times examined before the wisest of the realm, besides particular conferences with Mr. Lieutenant, what he could have done under so many evidences. For the conspirators thought themselves sure, and used my name freely; though I protest none of them ever told me of anything, yet have I hurt nobody. . . . Howsoever, I shall die a thief, yet you may assure yourself your innocency is such that I doubt not but if you die by your imprisonment, you shall die a martyr. *Tempus est ut incipiat judicium a domo Dei. Vale mihi semper dilectissima in Xto et ora pro me!*

Such are the documents which are declared by Father Garnet's latest assailant to contain "a clear admission of guilt, legal and moral." Mr. Jardine, though strongly prepossessed against the accused, takes quite another view. These papers, he tells us,¹ "contain nothing positively inconsistent with Garnet's statement on the trial; taken by themselves, indeed, they rather strengthen his defence." But at the same time Jardine discovers in them a suspicious feature. "It will be observed," he writes, "that he takes care to define exactly the extent of the admissions which he had made, which might be for the information and guidance of Greenway in his answers. . . ." As Greenway never had the benefit of any such assistance, the letters passing at once into the hands of "Mr. Lieutenant," we must be permitted to regard the exact agreement of his story with Garnet's as very remarkable.

Father Garnet wrote, and committed to the same treacherous messenger, yet a third missive, perhaps the most important of all, being addressed to his supposed fellow-captive, Greenway himself. Between these two there could no more be any disguise than between a pair of augurs, and accordingly this document having apparently disappeared, Mr. Jardine assumed that it must have contained something very incriminating, and that it had consequently been purloined by "those fellows the Jesuits" in their palmy days under James II.² As a matter of fact, it had, in company with other important documents, found its way to Hatfield House, where it is now accessible to us. In it Father Garnet covers the history more completely than in any

¹ *Criminal Trials*, ii. 322.

² In a MS. letter now prefixed to the *Gunpowder Plot Book* (P.R.O.), Mr. Jardine quotes and endorses this suggestion of Mr. Lemon, Deputy Keeper of the State Papers.

other letter, informing his supposed correspondent of all that had been "confessed" regarding either of them, that is to say, of all that had been represented to him as being stated by any of those examined concerning the conspiracy. The letter is here given in full, for although it travels considerably beyond the limits of our actual inquiry, it is most valuable for the history as a whole, and has not, I believe, been printed hitherto.¹

My most dear and loving Sir, I am sorrier for your taking than for mine own. I found at my coming here all men possessed with information of me, every one almost having touched me of those which are gone before. And withal, after many examinations and denials, the special thing against me was for that Mr. Hall² and I had sundry conferences, when we made our confessions, and gave one another information of our examinations. There were two witnesses in a corner which heard all and gave evidence of principal points, though they mistook them, so that I thought it better to tell the very truth with less discredit to our Order, than to permit them to have harder conceits of us, as if contrivers and authors of all the conspiracy.

And because I assured myself that you were beyond, as I was told, I laid part of the blame upon you, you being already touched very deeply, for the which I heartily ask your forgiveness. I said that you at the house in Essex told me of the matter in confession, yet walking, and after [afterwards] confessing; because it was too tedious to hear all kneeling. I said I thought you knew it in confession with leave to tell me, though I charged you not to be known to any that you had told me. Also that you gave me leave to reveal my knowledge if ever I came in question here or beyond for it.

¹ Hatfield MSS. 115, fol. 154; April 4, 1606. When Father Garnet speaks of himself and Greenway as being deeply "touched" by those that went before, he refers, of course, to the accounts given him by his accusers of what the conspirators had said. As a matter of fact, not only is there nothing in their confessions which remain, incriminating either Father, but Lord Salisbury complained on one occasion that the prisoners could not be induced even by torture to accuse any priest. The most doubtful confession of Bates, already mentioned, is the solitary exception.

It should be remembered that Bates is alleged to have retracted what he said about Greenway, whatever it was, the full text of his document being cited by Father Gerard (*Narrative*, p. 210), and the fact that he did disclaim his former statements being supported by some remarks of Lord Salisbury at Garnet's trial. (*True and Perfect Relation*, C.c. 3 verso.) In the document, as given by Gerard, Bates says nothing of the confession he is alleged to have made, or of Greenway's approval of the Conspiracy. What he does say is: "At my last being before them, I told them I thought Mr. Greenway knew of this business, . . . and that after [afterwards] I saw Mr. Walley and Mr. Greenway at Coughton, and it is true, . . . and Mr. Greenway rode with me to Mr. Winter's to my master, and from thence he rode to Mr. Abington's. This I told them, and no more. For which I am heartily sorry for, and I trust God will forgive me, for I did it not out of malice but in hope to gain my life, which, I think now, did me no good."

² *i.e.*, Oldcome.

We both conspired to hinder it, and to the purpose I wrote continually to Rome procuring censures, but not expressing particulars. I never approved it, nor, as I think, you. As for the confession of Bates, I believed it not, and he was bound to secret as much as his ghostly father. I told you after how I could not sleep, and you said you were sorry you had told me.

I said that all the knowledge I had of Mr. Catesby was that he at London, on the 9th of June, at my chamber in Thames Street, you being there but I think not hearing, propounded to me a case of killing innocents,¹ and I said it was lawful not to regard them if the victory were so much worth, but I never heard him propound in particular anything against the King, or of powder, and I thought the question had been an idle question.

I said that I had persuaded privately Mr. Catesby from all attempts until he knew the Pope willing, which I knew would never be.

I am heartily sorry it was my chance in all these matters to touch no creature but you and my Lord Mounteagle.

Your journey into Spain was confessed by all. I said I was moved in it, but would not consent to any invasion, but only to commend them for to receive pensions from the King of Spain, and so I was content you should go to procure us a pension. After Mr. Winter's return, I perceived he had negotiated other matter, and that they intended to get horses, and that they never cared to be joined with other noblemen, but to get all the thanks themselves, thinking themselves to be able to provide 1,500 horses.

They charged me with your being at Coughton,² but I said you came only to see me, and then hearing of the trouble you went away to shift for yourself. They said you went to the rebels, whom you told you would never forsake as long as you lived. And I did not hinder you because I meant you should go and hear their confessions and give them counsel.

They said when you came in you said the Jesuits were undone. I said you said all Catholics were undone. I said I would have kept you with me in the house, if the house had not been in danger, but in that respect you must needs shift for yourself and go whither you could.

It is confessed that at Mr. Abington's house you exhorted them to take arms, and said it was my opinion. I denied that I ever gave any such commission. I wrote yesterday to the King to testify that I did always condemn the intention, and that indeed I might have revealed a general knowledge had of Mr. Catesby out of confession, but hoping of the Pope's prevention, and being loth to hurt my friend, I acknowledge to have so far forth offended God and the King, and so asked forgiveness.

¹ *Viz.*, whether in war it be lawful to undertake operations which involve the death of women, children, and other such. There will be more to say of this incident later.

² A house in Warwickshire rented by Sir Everard Digby.

Almighty God send us plenty of His heavenly comforts, for your apprehension hath caused my sorrows to be renewed. *Fiat voluntas Dei ; ora pro me, et mihi parce.*

4 Apr.

H.

Our conference at Coughton was that you related unto me such intentions as you had told me before at the first, but no particulars.

They asked me who should have been Protector, and I said you told me that that must be resolved by the lords that should be saved. Who they were nobody knew, but they left all at random.

Forwarding this to Lord Salisbury, Sir William Waad wrote as follows :

Your Lordship's opinion will be more confirmed when (you) have read the enclosed, which I only procured him to write to discover his hypocrisy. Mrs. Vaux hath seen neither of them [the letters] as yet, and if I resolve to let her see that your Lordship sent back this morning, it shall not be left with her, but pretended to be read to procure the bearer credit. I have half brought him to confess that the discourse he had with Greenwell of these horrible treasons was not in confession, and I hope to use the means to make him acknowledge it before the Deans. I draw him to say that if it was not in confession, he conceived it to be delivered in confession, however Greenwell did understand it. . . . If good search be made at Erith, his books will be found there.

The letter I now send your Lordship is that declaration he would have published when he is gone, and therefore is (to) be kept the more secret.

W. WAAD.

Such is Father Garnet's confidential communication, intended for Greenway alone, in which we may plainly discern the effect of the various devices practised upon him as detailed above.

Father Garnet, as we have seen, insists that both he himself and as he hopes Greenway, as a sequel of their conference, conspired to hinder the intended crime. Upon this point we again obtain important information from Greenway himself (through Eudæmon Joannes), who after speaking of the communication made to Garnet, thus continues :¹

He [Garnet] in his prudence was aghast at the information, reprehending him for either listening to it, or communicating it to himself ; for the rest, he commanded him by every possible argument to dissuade the man [Catesby] from a crime so atrocious and of such un-Christian savagery. This, Greenwell declared, was done by him with no less

¹ *Apologia*, f. 260.

sincerity and diligence than if the life of the Sovereign Pontiff had been at stake, nothing being omitted which was possible for one whom the seal of confession forbade to divulge the matter.

From the evidence thus summarized it is therefore plain, that according to the testimony of the only witnesses who can speak from their own knowledge, the information concerning the Gunpowder Plot came from Catesby to Greenway, and from Greenway to Garnet, under the seal of confession. It is not, indeed, stated in so many words that Garnet knew with certainty that Greenway received his information from Catesby in confession; for a positive statement on this point we must go to Greenway himself. But, if we are to attach any credit to his words, Garnet certainly understood this to be the case; and he could testify with absolute certainty that Greenway would not communicate his information except under the seal, and that he himself received it as being so delivered. Upon this point Father Garnet never varied his statements, whether before his judges, or in presence of death upon the scaffold, or in communications intended to meet no eye but that of his friends and associates. We see on the same authority what reasons were alleged for the making of the communication in such a manner, and what action is alleged to have been adopted in consequence. Thus, if any weight is to be conceded to these, our sole witnesses on the subject, it seems unquestionable that of the actual conspiracy Father Garnet had no knowledge except in confession.

There remains the farther question indicated in commencing this inquiry, as to the extra-sacramental *general* knowledge of Catesby's intentions to which Garnet pleaded guilty, and in regard of which he so severely censured his own conduct. Was this knowledge in reality such as to make it criminal to conceal it? This question must be reserved for another paper.

J. G.

*Maria Gaetana Agnesi.*¹

BETWEEN the brilliant women of the Renaissance, acclaimed by the world on the one hand, and, on the other, those wise and holy women whose sanctity has received the seal of canonization, the reputation of Maria Gaetana Agnesi has been unduly overshadowed. She was too grave, too austere, too profoundly humble to invite the homage of her contemporaries and to make for herself that position before the world to which her great intellectual gifts entitled her, and her virtue, though indeed heroic when judged by human standards, fell just short of those supreme tests which the Church imposes before raising any of her children to the honours of the altar. Yet the comparative oblivion into which her name had fallen even in Italy is strange when we remember that she is entitled to a place among those half-dozen women who, since the days when Hypatia lectured in the halls of Alexandria, are all that her sex has contributed to the advancement of mathematical science. Her chief work, the *Istituzioni Analitiche*, places her on a level with the French Sophie Germain and our own Mary Somerville; she is the equal in intellect of the brilliant Sophie Kowalevski, who died prematurely some ten years ago, and the unquestioned superior of Madame du Châtelet, the friend of Voltaire, even though we remember that the Marquise was the translator of the *Principia*. And, in addition to these intellectual claims on the world's memory, we have the example of her voluntary renouncement of wealth and social consideration and scientific renown that she might give herself through fifty long years to a life of hidden labour among the suffering poor of Milan. Happily the centenary, celebrated in 1899, of Maria Agnesi's death has helped to revive memories of her among the citizens of Milan, and a practical outcome of this renewed interest in Italy's solitary woman-mathematician is to be seen in the

¹ *Maria Gaetana Agnesi*. By Luisa Anzoletti. Milan, 1900.
Les Femmes dans la Science. By A. Rebière. Paris, 1894.

recently-published *Life* from the pen of one of her most distinguished female writers of to-day, Luisa Anzoletti.

The first glimpses we have of the future mathematician show her as an amazingly precocious child encouraged by a proud father to show off her baby talents to an admiring circle of friends. At five her proficiency in French conversation inspired a poet to write a sonnet in her honour, and at nine years of age she made her first appearance before an academic gathering at her father's house and recited a lengthy Latin oration—which she herself had translated from the French—in defence of the right of woman to higher education. All Milan rang with reports of the wonderful child, her intelligence, her memory, her perfect self-possession. And in this way was initiated that long series of "Academies" which supplied the leading feature of Maria's girlhood. To the academic erudition of the eighteenth century philosophic disputations before a select audience provided a favourite form of intellectual recreation, and men of wealth and leisure who could place their villas and gardens at the disposal of such gatherings enjoyed the consideration due to benefactors of the arts and sciences.

It was a *rôle* such as this that Maria's father, Pietro Agnesi, aspired to play. The impression conveyed of him by the biographers of his daughter is scarcely a pleasing one. Possessed of a considerable fortune, it was his ambition to gain admittance to the ranks of the Milanese aristocracy, and in this he was ultimately successful through the purchase of the estate of Montev ecchia, which carried with it a patent of nobility. But for long years previously, by a judicious diplomacy and a lavish expenditure, by posing as a patron of learning and placing his house at the disposal of all that was most cultured and intellectual in Milan society, he had enjoyed a social distinction usually restricted at that time to families of noble birth. If a bountiful Providence overburdened him with children—his three wives bore him in all no less than twenty-one—in his two elder daughters by his first wife, Maria Gaetana and Teresa Maria, the one a prodigy of learning, the other a very accomplished musician, he possessed the most potent of all instruments towards his own social advancement. It was they who were the attraction that drew all Milan to his "Academies," and it was for their sake that travellers from foreign lands craved an introduction to his household. Pietro Agnesi loved to pose in public as the proud and fond father of his numerous flock, but

there is ample evidence to show that he cared little about their future, little for their individual happiness in life, and so it was only after his death in 1752 that, released at length from constant attendance in their father's *salon*, Teresa hastily married, and Maria herself was free to order her life in accordance with her own desires.

It was in this artificial atmosphere, half pedantic, half worldly, that the grave, sober-minded girl, secretly nourishing high spiritual aspirations, grew to maturity. Her precocious love of study was made subservient to Don Pietro's love of display, and as she and Teresa passed from childhood to girlhood, the "Academies" in which her father delighted were held with greater frequency in the paternal mansion in the Via Pantano, when Maria would defend some philosophic or scientific thesis against all-comers and Teresa would play sonatas of Rameau on the clavichord with brilliant execution. It was during the years 1737—1741, when Don Pietro was already a widower for the second time, that these gatherings attained their greatest brilliancy and a reputation that had spread far beyond the walls of the city. Just how they were conducted we learn incidentally from a letter written by the President Charles de Brosses, a distinguished French judge, when touring as a young man through the Peninsula.¹ He had been taken to hear Maria Agnesi as to one of the sights of Milan. She was, he writes, *una cosa più stupenda* than the Cathedral itself. In a handsome *salon* he found some thirty people of various nationalities seated in a circle and the two daughters of the house on a sofa in the centre. After an interchange of Latin compliments, one of the guests started a discussion, also in Latin, on the origin of fountains, a subject on which Maria Agnesi "discoursed like an angel." Then it was the turn of De Brosses himself, and he launched into an argument on the way in which the soul may be struck by corporeal objects and communicate them to the brain, followed by another on the emanation of light and the primary colours. On all these topics Maria argued to perfection, although the fluency and purity of her Latin seems to have impressed her hearer even more than the brilliancy of her arguments. It is pleasant to learn that a little ordinary conversation brought this improving evening to a close, and that the *polyglotte ambulante* of

¹ *Lettres Familiales écrites d'Italie en 1739 et 1740.* Par Charles de Brosses. Fourth Edit. Paris, 1885.

twenty-one confided in her father's guest that there was nothing she disliked so much as these public displays of her talents.

An even more noteworthy occasion for Pietro Agnesi was the visit to Milan of the Prince of Brunswick Wolfenbittel, a son of Augustus the Strong, who graciously expressed a desire to hear the celebrated sisters. Maria records in a letter how she and Teresa were hurried back to Milan from the country villa, where they were deep in their studies, in order to take part in an Academy, which was fully described in the next number of the *Milan Gazette*. The event would seem to mark the apogee of Don Pietro's social career. It is a curious fact that the theses for discussion were identical with those of the earlier visit of De Brosse, from which we may assume that the knowledge required for these intellectual tourneys was not as encyclopædic as at first appears. Moreover, Maria's latest and indefatigable biographer has disinterred from among the volumes of her unpublished works in the Ambrosian Library a note-book containing in Latin the heads and tails of her discourses, and the leading points in a number of specified subjects of debate, together with the introductory compliments and replies usual to such occasions. These were evidently committed to memory, and go to prove that what had begun as an impromptu contest of wits, had rapidly degenerated into a more or less stereotyped discussion on well-worn themes.

Yet it would be doing an injustice to the girl to infer from this that her learning was anything less than prodigious. From the time when, as a child of six, she began to share in her brother's Latin lessons, she had been taught by a succession of priests and professors, the most eminent that Milan could produce. The hours of work indeed exacted by her father were so long and exhausting that towards the age of fourteen her health broke down, and she was ordered complete rest and country air by the doctors. She even suffered for a time from a form of epileptic seizure, from the effects of which she never wholly recovered. In spite of these drawbacks, before she was twenty, she could talk fluently in Latin, French, German and Spanish, and possessed a considerable knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. Very early in life she formed the habit, maintained by her until death, of daily reciting the Little Office of our Lady in Greek. To her own studies was added the work of teaching the numerous little brothers and sisters who followed so closely on each other's heels, while to several of her brothers in later

years she gave advanced teaching in classics and mathematics. It was in her eighteenth year that, at her father's request, Maria entered seriously upon the study of mathematics and philosophy, or perhaps it would be more correct to say of so much philosophy as the Italian schools of the early eighteenth century were able to impart. Students of that date were not taught to reason, but were crammed with a mass of undigested information and unco-ordinated theories. That Maria Agnesi's brain was subjected by her various teachers to a similar process may be gathered from her published volume of *Propositiones Philosophicae*, consisting of the outlines of one hundred and ninety-one theses upheld by her in various Academies during the year 1738. The course of her philosophical studies may also be traced in the twenty-five manuscript note-books now in the Ambrosian Library, volumes which are only of value as establishing the girl's conscientious labour and the wide range of her studies.

Through the many pages of Signora Anzoletti's biography we seek almost in vain for the little personal details that are essential to a true presentment of a woman's character. Such material in the case of Maria Agnesi is scarce. We see her through the veil of the intervening century as learned, reserved, benevolent, but for the rest a somewhat nebulous figure. The few letters of hers that have survived, addressed mainly to the teachers with whom she corresponded, are entirely filled with scholarly interests. It is clear that throughout her youth the feminine, emotional side of the girl's nature was kept in strict abeyance, and the pedagogy of the age did not tend to the early emancipation of the youthful mind from the bonds of scholastic routine. We are grateful to Charles de Brosses for informing us that the learned lady was neither pretty nor ugly, that she was gentle and simple in manner. Her portraits show her to us with straight, regular features and a high forehead, from which her hair was brushed back. She pleased by her modesty of demeanour, combined with her intellectual distinction, but we infer that she was wanting in the lighter graces which render a woman attractive in society. She was quite exempt from feminine vanity, and we cannot believe that she took the smallest interest in dress. To the outside public, indeed, she must have been a somewhat alarming blue-stocking, whose fate it was to discourse publicly in Latin on topics that she would far rather have discussed in private with a few congenial

friends. The question has been raised why she did not marry. It seems abundantly clear that she never wished to marry. Her early life was entirely taken up with intellectual labour of a dry and absorbing nature, and in middle life her natural warmth of heart found an outlet in self-sacrificing labour for the poor. In neither life would a husband have found any place. Her father has been blamed for not providing her with a suitable establishment, and though we know that selfishness lay at the bottom of Don Pietro's conduct towards his daughters, it seems almost certain that Maria would never have accepted the only sort of marriage that we can imagine her father arranging for her.

It was some months after the De Brosse episode, when our girl-student had attained her twenty-first year, that she startled her father by begging to be allowed to enter a congregation of Augustinian nuns. Such a course would have given the death-blow to Don Pietro's social ambitions, and we can imagine the assumption of paternal authority with which he combated her religious vocation. In the end he was forced to secure his daughter's continued residence under his roof by various concessions, chief among them being that she should be free to lead a life of prayer and of study in accordance with her own tastes, and that she should no longer be dragged to balls and festivities. Thus the way was paved for serious work, and the outcome of the ensuing ten years was the book on which her fame as a mathematician rests, the *Istituzione Analytiche*. Her school-days were over, and the individuality of her intellect began to assert itself in the midst of congenial study.

The first traces of independence of judgment in mathematical science are to be found in certain criticisms which Maria Agnesi brought forward in correspondence with Count Belloni and others on L'Hôpital's *Analytical Treatise on Conic Sections*, a work held at that time in the highest repute. Indeed it was in a large measure owing to the works of L'Hôpital and to the teaching of a distinguished Olivetan monk, Don Ramiro Rampitelli, who happily for our student came to Milan in 1740 as professor of mathematics, that she was able to make her amazingly rapid progress in analytical science. Her recent biographer is rightly anxious to apportion to her heroine her due measure of fame, neither, on the one hand, to put forward extravagant claims as regards her equality with the great mathematicians of modern times, nor, on the other, to allow

her very real services to contemporary science to be overshadowed by the fact that, owing to the immense progress in every department of science of the last century, her book is now completely out of date. "How," Signora Anzoletti asks with reason, "can any fair comparison be drawn between her analytical intellect, solely exercised on known facts, classifying them and laying down rules, reasons, and formulæ, and the synthetic intellect of the discoverers of new facts?"¹ And again: "To her had come the conception of a new method for facilitating and popularizing in Italy the study of geometry and of algebra, and if it be true that we owe to the method a large share in the ensuing progress of science, to Maria Agnesi is due the glory of having directly contributed to such progress."²

The *Analytical Institutions* then is not an epoch-making book in the sense of breaking new ground. What it professes to do is to sum up, amplify, and classify all the mathematical discoveries made during the previous half-century. It is, in fact, a text-book for advanced students, written at a time when such text-books were almost unknown. The authoress' power of critical observation, joined to the practical experience she had gained in teaching her own brothers, rendered her singularly fitted for such a venture. She herself writes in her Preface that in view of the numerous and important discussions of previous years, and in order to save students the trouble of hunting about for them in innumerable works, "it has seemed to me most useful and necessary to provide new *Analytical Institutions*." That she accomplished her task with extraordinary ability every contemporary critic is agreed. Her clearness of thought, her precision of terminology, her power of classification in a subject of bewildering complexity received the fullest recognition. Thoroughness was the key-note of Maria Agnesi's work; she had none of the intellectual weaknesses usually attributed to her sex.

"It required much art and learning," wrote the two commissioners entrusted by the Paris Academy of Sciences with the official examination of the work, "to reduce to a uniform method those scattered discoveries of modern geometers which are frequently worked out according to very varying systems. Order, clearness, precision preside over every part of this work. In no language has any book as yet appeared which instructs so quickly and so thoroughly those who wish to advance in the analytical sciences. We regard this as the most complete and perfect treatise of its kind."

¹ *Maria Gaetana Agnesi*, p. 209.

² *Ibid.* p. 211.

The work appeared (1748) with a dedication to the Empress Maria Theresa, in two large quarto volumes, the first treating of algebra and its applications to geometry, and the second of the Differential and the Integral Calculus. It was written in Italian rather than in Latin, that it might reach every class of student. It is curious to read that the printing-presses were brought to the Agnesi mansion and there set up, in order that the authoress might personally superintend what, from the nature of the subject, was a very laborious piece of printing. Under her patient direction, we are told, the compositors became so expert in deciphering algebraical figures correctly, that their services in that branch of printing were afterwards in great demand.

Public honours for the authoress followed on the appearance of the weighty volumes—honours that Maria Agnesi's humility could not wholly escape. Already on the eve of publication the Academy of Sciences of Bologna had conferred its membership upon her, and various learned bodies throughout Northern Italy took a similar step. Mathematical works were submitted to her judgment, and distinguished scientists consulted her on abstruse points. Maria Theresa, in acknowledging the dedication, sent the authoress a gracious letter, together with a crystal casket and a valuable diamond ring. But the recognition which undoubtedly gave to Maria Agnesi the fullest gratification came to her from Benedict XIV. Not content with sending her a congratulatory letter and a handsome gift, the Sovereign Pontiff, on his own initiative, requested the Senate of the University of Bologna to bestow upon her a mathematical lectureship, a course which was carried out in a manner highly flattering to the recipient. Nor was the honour a purely formal one. It was the desire of all concerned that Maria Agnesi should undertake the work of a public lecturer at the University. Such a proceeding on her part would have had a special fitness. Ever since the days of its foundation by the Countess Matilda, Bologna had opened hospitable doors to the weaker sex. Women had been nominated as professors and lecturers, and had taught side by side with men in every branch of learning. It was at Bologna that Lucretia Helena Cornaro Piscopia taught philosophy and theology, and in Maria Agnesi's own day Laura Bassi was lecturer in physics. It is impossible not to regret that the austere student of Milan declined to allow her name to be added to a list so distinguished. Neither the invitation of the Pope, nor the urgent entreaties of many prominent members of

the University could prevail against her unconquerable modesty. She never showed herself to those who would have deemed it an honour to become her pupils.

That the fame of the *Institutions* was more than a fleeting one, and that the utility of the book was recognized by a later generation, is proved by the fact that after the lapse of half a century an English translation was published in London, and became the subject of a somewhat noteworthy article in the *Edinburgh Review*. (Oct. 1803.) While deploring the mistaken piety which caused the authoress to abandon her scientific labours, her English critic does full justice to the learning of this "extraordinary woman," and pronounces the book even at that date as an invaluable aid to students and an admirable introduction to the works of Euler.

It would seem as though the ten long years of labour that had been necessary to produce the *Analytical Institutions* had exhausted the authoress' productive powers as far as mathematics were concerned, for we have nothing further from her pen. Not that she made any sudden change in her life; she continued until her father's death to reside under his roof, but she withdrew more and more from the world and its interests. We hear of overstrained nerves and constant headaches, and of the grief caused by the death of a favourite brother as among the immediate causes of her retirement. Moreover, the extensive scientific correspondence forced upon her at this time, and the teaching of some dozen younger brothers and sisters, must have left her little leisure for independent intellectual work. But undoubtedly the real reason is to be found in her own weariness of purely intellectual occupations and her growing absorption in the needs of her poorer neighbours. In a sense it may be said that all through her youth Maria Agnesi's affections were half-starved, her emotional life being entirely subordinated to an intellectual life trained to run on very exclusive lines, and in middle life she poured out the pent-up treasures of love that she held hidden in her heart, on which no one had made a first claim, upon the suffering poor whom she saw around her. She had induced her father to put aside a suite of three rooms in his house for her exclusive use, and by degrees she filled them with a number of her more destitute *protégées*. The rooms became in fact a hospital, Maria herself doing all the laborious work of sick nurse, and it is perhaps not wholly surprising that after a time her family protested energetically, and denounced her occupation as an intolerable domestic nuisance. Don Pietro

once again exerted his paternal authority, the patients were discharged, and the gentle, uncomplaining elder sister returned for a time to a more conventional family life, even submitting to a revival of the hated "Academies." But after her father's death—a death hastened, curiously enough, by his indignation at being accused by the Governor of Milan of neglecting to provide his daughters with husbands—the old bonds were broken, and the authoress of the *Institutions* deliberately laid aside all her scientific and scholastic interests.

Of the ensuing half-century—for Maria Agnesi was destined to live to be an octogenarian—the world knows little beyond the barest outline. The heroine of the "Academies" was determined that henceforth her life should be a hidden one, and in a great measure she succeeded in her desire. We hear nothing further of her entering a convent—the aspiration towards the religious life had clearly passed from her—yet no Sister of Charity could have been more assiduous in devotion to the poor. Her time, her strength, her money, all was at their service, and when every other means was exhausted she sold the gifts of the Empress Maria Theresa to a rich English collector, and with the proceeds rented and furnished a little house where she could receive a larger number of her beloved old women than the family mansion allowed of. Besides this, she would spend long hours teaching the Catechism to feeble-minded and afflicted children and preparing them for their First Communion, and she was zealous in forwarding the ecclesiastical education of any poor boys with a vocation to the priesthood. That her life of labour and self-sacrifice was inspired not only by the highest religious motives, but by a personal love of our Lord which reached a rare height of mystical passion, we learn from a MS. which by a happy chance has been preserved in the Borromeo family, and which Signora Anzoletti has been allowed to make public for the first time. In these pages, intended only for her own use, the silent, reserved nature of Maria Agnesi seems at length to have found free utterance, and through them we realize her individual nature as not all the exterior events of her life have revealed it to us. The MS. bears the title: "The Mystical Heaven: or the contemplation of the Virtues, Mysteries, and Excellencies of our Lord Jesus Christ," and shows throughout the most intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, which are invariably quoted in Latin. After dealing in short paragraphs, evidently the summary of her own meditations, with various aspects of the life of our

Lord, she comes to the mystery of the Passion, and develops five successive degrees of sorrowful contemplation by which the soul may be brought to the fullest union with Christ on the Cross. The MS. ends with a passionate exhortation to suffer in Christ and for Christ. These unfinished pages were only discovered after the writer's death, and they afford us the key to these last years of prayer and self-sacrifice, and show us also that in theological as in mathematical science, Maria Agnesi was not satisfied until she had studied her subject with all the fulness of her intellectual gifts.

That both her theological knowledge and her sanity of judgment were held in the highest esteem is shown by the fact that the then Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Pozzobonelli, actually entrusted to her the examination of a book on "Politics, Law, and Religion," by the Marquis G. Gorini Corio, which had excited much controversy, and was ultimately placed upon the Index. It was this same Archbishop who, some years later, found for Maria Agnesi the precise post for which she was fitted, and one which provided her with the widest possible field for the exercise of her charity, always cramped by the circumstances of her home-life. A certain Prince Antonio Trivulzio had handed over his palace at Milan to the Church to serve as a hospice for old and destitute men and women, and it occurred to the Archbishop, eager for the success of the new institute, to invite Maria Agnesi to undertake the supervision of the female wards. This she gladly consented to do, while still clinging to her own little apartments with the old women she harboured there, and for ten long years she trudged backwards and forwards twice a day between her home and the *Pio Albergo Trivulzio*, supervising a work which grew and prospered wonderfully under her wise direction. Ultimately she consented to take possession of two rooms beneath its roof, though it is characteristic of her that she sent away the fine new furniture that had been purchased for her use, and clung to her own old shabby possessions. Even these were few in number, while her wardrobe was almost non-existent, for whenever her money came to an end she would lay hands on anything within reach with which to relieve the needs of those who applied to her. Her aged man-servant, maintained by her brothers for the honour of the family, was all that remained to her of her earlier prosperity.

By degrees, in spite of much conscientious endeavour on her part, her activities grew less. Her sight became so dim that

she was forced to give up her favourite study of the Fathers of the Church, and later she suffered much from deafness and became crippled by rheumatism. Yet nothing could disturb her cheerful serenity of mind. During the stirring and terrible events of the closing years of the century—events in which Northern Italy took her full share—the aged Maria Agnesi, blind, deaf, and infirm, knew nothing of what was happening, and spent her days spinning and praying in silence. To the end, with touching humility, she would beg the servant-girl who waited upon her to tell her of whatever faults she might commit. A fall on the stairs gave a shock to her system from which she never recovered, and she died on January 9th, 1799, having outlived nearly all her relations, and forgotten by the fashionable friends of her father's house. It is strange to read that she was buried with fifteen old people from the Refuge, so that the greatest woman mathematician of her century was not even accorded a grave of her own. It was what she herself would have wished, yet it is scarcely creditable to Milan that it should have been so.

A point which strikes one forcibly in reading the life of Maria Agnesi is how far the education of women in Italy has fallen behind the age. Brilliant exceptions there are, even to-day, but taken as a whole Italian women are probably less well-educated than any in Western Europe. Yet "higher education" for the sex a century ago was clearly no unusual thing, for we do not hear of our mathematician encountering any obstacles to the full development of her talents. She was regarded neither as eccentric nor as unwomanly, and she received the willing co-operation of many of the most learned professors of the day, and the approbation of the highest authorities. In truth, she was no solitary phenomenon, but one of a long series of distinguished and learned women who have helped to build up their country's glorious heritage of art and of culture. Maria's greatness, where many have been distinguished, consists at once in her mathematical gifts, so rare in her sex, and in a piety so solid and so true that it led her to a very high state of spiritual perfection. We would commend her example to those, even nearer home than Italy, who still seem to fear that there exists some latent incompatibility between a high level of intellectual culture and those qualities of heart and of soul which, in a woman, must always rank above the attainments of the intellect.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

Our Popular Devotions.

IV.—BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

I.—SEEING THE BODY OF THE LORD.

MOST of us when assisting at Benediction, whether in this country or abroad, will have been struck by the seeming anomaly, that in a service directed to the honour of the Blessed Sacrament, so large a proportion of the devotions which accompany it should contain no reference to the Eucharistic presence. In England the Litany of Loreto has come to be regarded almost as an integral part of the function; and though not prescribed by authority, it is printed in the official *Ritus Servandus* immediately after the *O Salutaris* and before the *Tantum Ergo*. For this, or for some other reason, it is very rarely omitted. In the practice abroad there is much greater variety. Any motet or anthem in honour of our Lady, a hymn or series of hymns to a Saint, the Rosary, or even the *Veni Creator*, are all regarded as appropriate for the time of Benediction. On the other hand, the *O Salutaris*, which is of obligation with us, is by no means *de rigueur* in many parts of the Continent. Still, to judge from the accounts which one hears of foreign usages, I think I am right in saying that almost everywhere the devotion of the faithful turns to other objects besides the Blessed Sacrament, and that in particular it is customary at this time to pay some special honour to our Blessed Lady.

Unfriendly critics of the Catholic Church have been tempted to find in this circumstance a proof of her exuberant and irrepressible Mariolatry, or at best of a certain levity of spirit unworthy of the sacramental presence which she honours; but the criticism does not seem to be quite justified by history. There can be little doubt, I think, that the service which is now so simple and so familiar, is of composite growth.

The heterogeneous element complained of is not an excrescence nor even a graft, but it has a fair claim to be regarded as the very root-stock of the devotion. The Litany of Loreto in England, or the *cantiques* common in France, seem to be the lineal representatives of that evening *Salut* or greeting, specially directed to our Lady, which in Flanders was known in the fifteenth century as *Lof*, and which in the form of *Laude* can be traced back to an early epoch of the Italian middle ages. But it would seem desirable to treat separately the more conspicuous elements of our modern Benediction Service; and before we come to the *Laudesi* and their famous *Laude*, we had better turn our attention to that public Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessing with which it concludes, which are the more distinctive features of the service as it is known to us to-day. Moreover, in the limited space available for my present article, a preliminary question as to the origin of Exposition will alone supply sufficient matter for discussion.

In a paper read before the Archæological Institute, in 1889, and subsequently published in *THE MONTH*,¹ the late Father Hirst makes the following statement: "The first recorded Elevation of the Host or exhibition of the Blessed Sacrament to the view of the faithful, except at the time of Holy Communion, is that which has taken place from time immemorial in the Mass; for this elevation is prescribed in the most ancient liturgies we possess," and is mentioned, the writer goes on to say, by St. Basil, by the pseudo-Dionysius, and by Anastasius of Antioch. Although Father Hirst speaks rather more confidently than I should be prepared to do regarding the usage of the ancient Oriental Churches, there seems no reason to doubt that in the West, at least, the uncovered Host was first exposed for the worship of the people in the Elevation of the Mass. We are not much concerned here with the date at which the greater Elevation (as distinguished from the lesser Elevation before the *Pater noster*) became part of the Church's ritual, nor with the causes which led to its introduction. It may be that the heresy of Berengarius (*c.* 1050) first gave rise to this conspicuous protest against his denial of Transubstantiation; and it is still more probable that the error of Peter the Chanter (*c.* 1199), who maintained that the bread was not consecrated until the words of institution had been spoken

¹ "The Origin of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament," in *THE MONTH*, Jan. 1890, pp. 86, seq.

over the chalice also, largely contributed to the general adoption of the practice of adoring the Body of Christ immediately after the *HOC EST ENIM CORPUS MEUM*. But in the early part of the thirteenth century the custom of raising the Host on high that all might see and do homage to It became universal, and it resulted in an extraordinary importance being attached to the act of *seeing the Body of Christ*. If I am not deceived, it was this conception of the merit of looking on the Host, exaggerated somewhat in the popular mind as such conceptions are wont to be, which has had most of all to do with the development of the practice of exposing the Blessed Sacrament for the adoration of the faithful. I speak with some hesitation, for I am not aware that the point has been insisted upon before, and I am, moreover, painfully conscious that my researches have been far from adequate, but the process of development seems a likely one, and the evidence, so far as it goes, points strongly in the direction indicated.

It is to be noticed that in the middle ages even more than in the present day everything conspired, once the Elevation was introduced, to give prominence to this climax in the liturgy of the Mass.¹ In England, by a provincial constitution of 1281, the great bell of every parish church was to be tolled when the Sacred Host was raised in the priest's hand, in order that even the labourers in the fields might kneel down and offer their tribute of worship. Within the church itself a special sacring bell was rung and torches were lighted. But what must have served more than anything else to emphasize this point in the service was the earnest monition to the faithful to kneel and adore, which was registered in every text-book of Canon Law and expatiated upon in every popular treatise, probably in almost every sermon, that dealt with the subject of the Mass. It would be an almost endless task to

¹ The following passage may be quoted to illustrate German usage in the fifteenth century: "DE CELEB. MISS. Cap. *Sane*, ubi precipitur reverenter inclinari [Glos. "flexis genibus"] et hoc ad recognoscendum se esse terram et pulverem respectu tanti Dei, omni humilitate et reverentia possibili: quia exteriora illa sunt interiorum signa, et ipse creator a creatura sua pro posse et nosse debet honorari et laudari. Propter quod ut in hora elevationis nola et campana pulsantur ut per hæc excitemur ad laudandum Deum 'in cymbalis benesonantibus et in cymbalis jubilationis' per modum supradictum, sicut et in veritate (*sic*) tempore sacrificii tubis clangebant; sic et candelæ et faces tunc accenduntur, ut per hæc circumstantium corda inflammentur." (John Bechhoffen, O.S.A., *Quadruplex Missalis Expositio*, Edit. 1512, sig. D, iv. v°.)

quote examples. They may be found in abundance in such works as the *Lay Folks' Mass Book*, or Myrc's *Instructions to Parish Priests*, both published by the Early English Text Society. For example's sake I quote a specimen from the former work, modernizing somewhat the spelling :

Then in time of sacring
 A little bell men use to ring ;
 Then shalt thou do reverence
 To Jesus Christ's own presence,
 That may loose all baleful bands ;
 Kneeling, hold up both thy hands.
 And so the elevacion (do) thou behold,
 For this is He whom Judas sold,
 And sithen was scourged and done on rood,
 And for mankind there shed His blood,
 And died and rose and went to Heaven,
 And yet shall come to deem us even
 Each man after that he has done.
 That same is He thou lookest upon :
 This is the truth of holy kirk,
 Who trowes not this must sit full mirk.
 Forthi I rede (Therefore I counsel) with good intent
 That thou behold this sacrament.
 Such prayer then thou make,
 As likes thee best to take,¹ &c.

The phrases here used and repeated about "beholding the sacrament," "Him thou lookest upon," &c., are not idle expletives. They are used significantly and will be found recurring in many similar passages. The faithful were directed to kneel down at the Elevation and to "hold up their hands," an injunction quite incompatible with the bent, the almost prostrate attitude adopted at this solemn moment by many devout persons in our own day. The Host was elevated or "shown to the people," that they might fix their eyes upon It during this brief moment of Its unveiling ; and to that act, as already stated, an almost sacramental virtue was attributed.

¹ *Lay Folks' Mass Book*, ll. 401—419. Some interesting side-lights upon old English devotion to the Blessed Sacrament are supplied by the poems which Mr. C. Horstmann has printed under the heading, *Sermo in Festo Corporis Christi*, in the *Archiv f.d. Studium der Neueren Sprachen*, vol. 82 (1889), pp. 178, seq. One may call attention especially to the wording of such passages as :

To-day sayg I siht of non
 Non eorhtliche kunnes mete
 That my mouthe mihte etc.
 That there was nouthur wyf nor mon
 Of alle that in the Chirche were on
 That ne helde up hondes and sat on knee.

It was not a mere accident of phrase that the people were told, "Every day thou mayst see, The same Body that died for thee,"¹ or that if they chanced to die on the day they had "seen God" the sight would stand them in place of Viaticum.² For such sentiments as these the names of the Fathers of the Church, Augustine, Gregory, Jerome, &c., were often invoked, quite unwarrantably it need hardly be said, but the promises so repeated were repeated in good faith, and were honestly believed by clerics and laymen alike. Thus upon St. Augustine is fathered the statement:

the syght of Cryst's Bodye
The day hyt is seen, thy syghte verament
Conserved is.³

and divers doctors are said to have written⁴ "of the vertu in herynge of the Masse, and eke of the syght of the blessed Sacrament which dothe subdu alle evylle thoughts."

Was it wonderful that the looking upon the Sacred Host at the moment of the Elevation came to be regarded by some as the chief object for which people assisted at the Holy Sacrifice. The lawfulness of so fixing the eyes upon the Body of the Lord if the worshipper was conscious of grievous sin was a matter discussed by grave theologians,⁵ who decided that while the touching of the Blessed Sacrament when the robe of sanctifying grace had been forfeited was a mortal sin even in a priest, excepting always the case of grave necessity, the reverent gazing upon the Sacrament exposed was not a new offence of God, but on the contrary was profitable to the soul of the sinner.⁶

¹ Vernon MS., printed by Canon Simmons, ll. 71, 72. See also, at an earlier period (c. 1239), the wording of the *Ancren Riwle*, pp. 262, 268: "Every day He cometh forth and showeth Himself to you fleshly and bodily in the Mass—shrouded indeed in another substance, under the form of bread. For in His own form our eyes could not bear the bright vision."

² *Ib.* ll. 115, 116, cf. l. 111.

³ Lydgate, as quoted by Canon Simmons in *Lay Folks' Mass Book*, p. 362.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 363.

⁵ St. Thomas, *Summa*, iii. 80. 4. ad 1. et 4.; St. Bonaventure, *In IV Sent.* 9. 6. ad 4.; Durandus a St. Porciano, *In IV Sent.* 9. 4. ad 2.

⁶ The theologian, Gabriel Biel, † 1495, discusses the matter very fully: "Occurrit dubium utrum peccator videns sacramentum videndo peccet sicut peccat tangendo et sumendo propter ejus indignitatem. Ad quod respondet Alex. (de Hales) *IV Sent.* quest. 70. me 6. quod ordinatum est ab ecclesia ut sacramentum eucharistiæ immediate in altum elevetur ut videatur et salvator Christus adoretur non tantum a justis sed ab omnibus. Inspecere ergo corpus sub sacramento intentione adorandi nulli est illicitum." (Gabriel Biel, *Expositio Missæ*, Edit. Lyons, 1511, fo. 95, r^o.) He adds, "Rationabiliter autem hoc instituit ecclesia, quia ex illa inspectione accedit spirituale commodum insipienti, non tantum justo sed peccatori:" a point which he

No early writer that I have come across lets us know more clearly how this idea of seeing the Body of the Lord had taken hold of the popular mind than the German theologian, Henry Langenstein, otherwise called Henry of Hesse, who died in the last years of the fourteenth century. In his little tractate on the rubrics of the Mass (*Secreta Sacerdotum*), a work which after the invention of printing enjoyed an extraordinary popularity,¹ we find some most curious information regarding the eccentric practice of many priests in his day, who at the Elevation held the Host for a long time in the air above their heads. In order that It may be seen the better, he tells us, the priest stretches as high as he can, and as his eyes follow his hands, he sometimes totters and runs the risk of losing his balance altogether. There is no reason, he continues, for holding the Host so high in order that people may see It from a distance. Let them draw near if they wish to satisfy their devotion, and, if the crowd prevents this, God will take account of their desire, and will reward the faith which has not seen, just as much as if the sense of sight were gratified. Other priests, he complains, waive the Host about and turn It this way and that,² under the impression that the wafer being flat those who kneel at the sides will not be able to distinguish it plainly—a plea which Langenstein dismisses for much the same reason. In fact, as he goes on to suggest, it is better for some people that they should *not* see the Host:

Some men are wont to be afflicted when they have not seen the Body of Christ; they are distressed the whole day through, and their proceeds to develop at some length. “De non videndo autem sacramentum non est preceptum nisi his qui nondum baptismatis sacramento sunt initiati. Illi enim admittendi non sunt sed finita missa catechuminum expellendi. Unde ad videndum admittuntur omnes qui fide et sacramentis Christo juncti sunt; ad manducandum solum qui charitate Domino sunt uniti. Verumtamen si quis ex humilitate non figeret visum ad sacramentum, sed in terram oculos deflecteret se indignum reputans tanti sacramenti visione non reprobatur.” (Biel, *Expositio Missæ*, Edit. Lyons, 1511, fol. 95. v^o.) Thiers remarks however that at a later date the Provincial Council of Cologne, in 1536, and the Synod of Augsburg, 1548, ordered that the faithful should fall on their faces to adore the Blessed Sacrament in awestruck silence (*prostratis humi corporibus . . . in altissimo silentio prostratos*). The question whether Christ’s Body could truly be said to be seen in the consecrated Host was one of the great points of discussion with the Wickliffites. Thomas Waldensis treats it at very great length in his *De Sacramentis*, vol. ii. pp. 308, seq.

¹ There are fifteen distinct editions of it in the British Museum Library alone, all of them printed before 1510.

² This practice is condemned by others. “Et deinde ipsam (hostiam) reverenter elevet, non circumferendo vel gyando, nec diu elevatam teneat sed statim cum duabus manibus reponat.” (John Bechoffen, 1512 Edit., sig. D, v. r^o.)

grief at not having seen is more pleasing to our Lord than their seeing and then forgetting all about it. So too there are many who, when once they have seen Christ's holy Body, run off to the ale-house, and who if they had not seen It would have remained in the church. Moreover, there are other men who make it a custom on that day on which they have not looked upon the Sacrament of the Body of Christ to abstain from meat, but who if they have seen It eat meat as usual. If such people in the case supposed were not to have sight of the Lord's Body, they would never over-eat themselves (*crapulam vitarent*), which would be a very good thing for their health. Furthermore, since they have missed seeing It in one Mass they wait for another, and this they would never have waited for if they had not so missed. Whence we infer that to be disappointed in seeing the Sacred Body at the Elevation may lead a man to enter into himself, when he begins to think: "Thou wretched creature! on account of thy sins thou art not worthy to see the Sacred Body lifted up," and so perchance with David, who accounted himself unworthy to behold the height of the heavens, he will straightway amend his life. But let no one catch me up in what I have just been saying, as if I meant to convey that the Sacred Body of Christ which is reverently lifted in the sight of men, ought rather to be hidden from the bystanders. That is not my meaning, but I hold that these turnings about and prolonged Elevations are unnecessary, and ought not to take place; and this indeed stands to reason.

I am not sure that this popular exaggeration of the need of *seeing* the Sacred Host does not appear even more clearly in two supplementary observations made by Langenstein before he passes from the subject.

There are some priests [he continues] who at the Elevation stretch out the last three fingers of each hand in such a way that the Host cannot be seen from behind the altar. This perhaps has its advantages, for in this way some who would otherwise have stood behind the altar are compelled to come round to the front. And if there should be such a crowd that room could not be found for all of them in front of the altar, it is easy for the priest to bend his fingers down so that there should be nothing to impede the view of those on the other side.¹

The assumption here tacitly made, that any of the congregation who could not see the Host at the Elevation on account of the priest's fingers intervening, would feel themselves bound to come to the front of the altar and hear another Mass, is

¹ "Solent quidam in elevatione ultimos sex digitos extendere ne hostia a parte post videri possit. Hoc ideo forte bonum esset, quia per hunc modum compelluntur homines aliqui ante altare stare qui alias retro altare remanerent. Si autem multitudo erit hominum ut non universi habeant locum ante altare, possunt reflecti digiti ut retro stantibus non sit impedimentum visionis." (Sig. A, v. v^o.)

certainly very striking. So also is Langenstein's remark about the Elevation of the Chalice, a ceremony which he seems to think purposeless, seeing that the Blood of Christ is not thereby rendered visible. To lift the chalice higher than the eyes is therefore in his idea only a superstitious observance.¹

This last severe stricture would perhaps have been more in place had it been applied to an usage described for us by another German writer half a century later. He lets us know that it was in some places the custom, after an infant had been baptized, for the priest to fetch a pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament, to lift up one of the sacred particles, show It to the god-parents, replace It, and then purifying his fingers in water, to offer the water to the infant to drink. This was no doubt a survival of the ancient practice of giving Communion to young children after Baptism, but it seems that in the middle ages, in default of this, stress was laid upon the presenting of the Sacred Host for their eyes to look upon, as if that also might possess some sacramental virtue.²

We may note too that even learned prelates, where Viaticum was impossible, welcomed the sight of the Host as serving in some sort as a substitute. Among the many curious stories preserved in the *Gemma Ecclesiæ* of Giraldus Cambrensis, a work written about the year 1200, we are told of Maurice, Archbishop of Paris, that when he desired to receive Holy Viaticum in his last mortal sickness, his chaplain remembering that he had received Communion only three days before, and, deeming it unsafe in his state of extreme exhaustion to give him the Blessed Sacrament again, brought an unconsecrated host to his bedside. But the Archbishop, raising himself to look, was not deceived, and broke out into indignant reproaches:

"Ye are deceivers," he said, "I should never have believed it of you. It is not this thing I asked of you, but the very presence of my Lord Jesus Christ. I desire that Christ may come to me in His own

¹ "Elevant quidam calicem fere sicut hostiam in altitudinem, sed hoc puto superstitiosum, quia, quamvis alte tollant, nihilominus non videtur Sacramentum; sufficit ergo ut ad altitudinem tollant oculorum."

² "In aliquibus locis post baptismum presbyter baptizans portat Corpus Christi in pyxide, et inde recipit unam hostiam levans eam duobus digitis ut patrini videant hostiam, postea abluit illos digitos aqua, et illam ablutionem dat infantulo baptizato ut bibat eam, qui tamen nondum bibere potest." (Henricus Gorychum, *De Superstitionibus*, Prop. 8.) If we may judge by a practice of the Ruthenians, censured in ecclesiastical councils, a few drops of the Precious Blood were originally put into the mouth of the child after Baptism.

proper Person." Shamefaced and alarmed at his words, the chaplains fetched the true Body of Christ, to wit, a Host duly consecrated. And when It was brought to him and he had looked thereon, throwing himself out of his bed and prostrating himself upon his elbows and knees, "This is It," he cried, "this is indeed that which I crave, that upon which I build all my hopes of salvation. This is in very truth the longing of my soul." And so, most devoutly embracing and kissing It, since on account of his infirmity he could not receive It sacramentally, he went that very day to rest in the Lord.¹

That this was not entirely an isolated instance we learn from the contemporary historian of the Life of St. Juliana Cornelson, the Saint to whom we owe the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi. As the holy virgin's last hour drew near, her Mother Abbess said to her:

"Seeing, my daughter, that your malady prevents you from receiving the Body of the Lord, we will at least have It brought to you and set before you that you may recommend yourself to It." But the Saint replied, "No, Lady Mother, it would be presumption." This she said from the profound humility which was habitual to her, thinking it becoming, not that her Lord should wait on her, but rather she on Him. So even when the Abbess pressed her point, and urged that it was in every way fitting that she should for the last time behold her Saviour whom in this world she was to see no more, she answered, "It is not necessary, Lady Mother, to see Him in this present life whom I am about to see in the life which is eternal." One of the nuns, however, exhorted her to do the will of the Abbess, and then she consented that it should be as they wished. Accordingly the Precentor of Fosse, vested in an alb, brought our Lord's Body, and when she heard the sound of the bell which was wont to be rung in taking Communion to the sick, she made a wondrous effort to rise. Drawing in her breath and doing violence to weak nature, she raised herself up and then sat back. Meanwhile the Precentor drew near, and taking the Body of the Lord from the vessel in which he bore It, he held It reverently before her, saying: "Behold, lady, your Saviour, who for you vouchsafed to be born and to suffer death. Pray to Him that He may defend you from your enemies and may guide you in this hour." And she, most intently fixing her eyes upon Him who was so presented to her, answered: "Amen, and my Lady Mother too." It was of the venerable Abbess standing beside her that she spoke, begging in her deep affection that a like favour might be granted to her. These were her last words, her head sank back upon the bed, and she immediately expired.²

¹ Giraldus Cambrensis, *Gemma Ecclesiae* (Roll Series), vol. ii. p. 33.

² *Acta Sanctorum*, April, vol. i. p. 475.

Whatever colour of exaggeration or superstition some of the facts previously recounted may seem to wear, there is certainly nothing in such a scene as this to offend the most fastidious. So too we may learn from the constitutions of some of the most admirable of English mediæval institutions that this marked reverence to the unveiled or elevated Host was specially inculcated upon the young. In the statutes of Eton College issued in the name of Henry VI. in 1444, we find that when the bell gave warning "of the Elevation of the Body of Christ during the time of High Mass," all the scholars of the College and the choristers were "to enter the church and there devoutly falling upon their knees, were to adore the Body of Christ," saying the versicle, *Adoramus te Christe et benedicimus tibi*, &c., and adding some short prayers for their royal founder before they returned to their books.¹ The context makes it clear that they had been at work before, and that they came in only to offer homage to the elevated Host. Even if this were not plain we should infer it from the practice of other kindred institutions. Thus we read in the case of St. Paul's School: "At [the chaplain's] Mass when the bell in the school shall ring to sacring, then all the children in the school kneeling in their seats shall with lift-up hands pray in the time of sacring. After the sacring when the bell knelleth again they shall sit down again to their books learning."² Here the practice of going to view the uplifted Host is not mentioned, but in the fifteenth century constitutions of the Sion nuns it is clearly alluded to, and with a word of warning: "When the convent is at any conventual act none shall presume of her own head to go out to see any *sacring* at any altar, . . . for God loveth more to be worshipped and seen with the eyes of the soul than with the eyes of the body,"³ a remark which is as pregnant with sound theological instinct as it is with common sense.

Imperfect as these researches are, it seems to me to be sufficiently proved that from the time of the introduction of the Elevation into the liturgy of the Mass in the twelfth

¹ Heywood and Wright, *Statutes of King's College and Eton*, p. 554.

² Quoted by Father Bridgett in his *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*, ii. p. 63.

³ Aungier, *History of Sion*, p. 329. Cf. Father Bridgett, *op. cit.* p. 63.

century, there gradually grew up in Northern Europe¹ an inclination to attach a quasi-sacramental virtue to the act of looking upon the unveiled Sacrament. This was strongest perhaps amongst the laity and the less instructed, whom, here as elsewhere, we cannot always acquit of some taint of superstition; but it was at the same time rationally understood and encouraged as a spur to devotion by the Church's accredited representatives. I am also tempted to think that the Wickliffite errors regarding the Eucharist² and the Hussite teaching which perpetuated so many of them, produced a reaction on the Catholic side, which was not without its effect on the devotional life of the Church. In any case, it seems a natural and almost necessary conclusion to connect the popular desire of looking upon the Body of Christ with the first traces of that practice of exposing the Blessed Sacrament to the gaze of the faithful, which is so universally familiar now in the service of Benediction. An episode in the Life of Blessed Dorothea, a Prussian recluse, who died in Pomerania in 1394, establishes, clearly enough, the relation between the two, but we must defer the discussion of this for a subsequent article.

HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

¹ I do not know much of the usage of Southern Europe at this period. The following passage from an *Expositio Missæ*, printed in Spain, may be noted. "Dictis verbis scil.: HOC EST ENIM CORPUS MEUM, sacerdos inclinat se et reverenter adorat ut scilicet populum inclinet ad adorandum corpus Christi elevatque illud supra ut astantes videant et petant id saluberrimum sacramentum sibi ad salutem corporis et animæ potius proficere. Item ut ostendatur hoc sacrificium excellentius esse omnibus sacrificiis et oblationibus." (sig. D, v. v^o.) *Te igitur*, Salamanca, 1499.

² In the document entitled, *Conclusiones Wycliff de Sacramento Altaris* (*Fasciculi Zizaniorum*, p. 105), the first two propositions run as follows:

1. Hostia consecrata quam videmus in altari nec est Christus nec aliqua sui pars sed efficax ejus signum.
2. Nullus viator sufficit oculo corporali, sed fide, Christum videre in hostia consecrata.

The Archangel Gabriel.

A VISION OF LOVE.

come i piacque,
S'aperse in nuovi amor l'eterno amore.

(*Par.* xxix. 18.)

WAS this an earthly sunrise only—this visionary gleam of supernatural radiance—this revelation of a loveliness till now unknown? Glory of gold, faint rose-colour, purest, most heavenly blueness of soft summer skies . . . shifting shade, dove grey, dim purple; gem-like flashing forth of light, iridescent splendour of all colouring.

Overwhelming almost was the beauty and the wonder. Across wide mystic seas floated the sun-tipped clouds, glimmering golden, transfused with inner all-illuminating glow,—in dazzling lines, too, lying athwart the fair horizon, whilst in rosy ripples, dappled, opalescent, most ethereal foam-waves sailed the tiny cloudlets over those calm, translucent, sapphire depths.

More deeply glowed the roseate hues each moment, brighter flashed forth the points of light—the diamond-brightness—the burnished shafts of gold—the rifts of wonder breaking, as it were, through the deep floor of Heaven, disclosing things beyond all human thought.

As in the sunshine, that unsullied streams
Through fractured cloud, ere now a meadow of flowers
Mine eyes with shadow covered o'er have seen,
So troops of splendours manifold I saw
Illumined from above with burning rays. . . .¹

Dante was in my hands, and reading in his stately, wondrous verse of the Archangel Gabriel, my mind was filled with glorious images, and looking up into those radiant, transfigured skies of morning, the heavens seemed to open, whilst through the silence seemed to come again that murmur of

¹ *Par.* xxiii. 79.

celestial melodies—music angelical—the great Archangel's song still heard above all else, supreme—omnipotent, in sweetness and in power.

Upon the carved embankments of the Purgatorial Terrace, in marble white and sculptured majesty he first appears—

The Angel, who came down to earth with tidings
Of peace, that had been wept for many a year,
And opened Heaven from its long interdict.

He did not seem an image that is silent,
One would have sworn that he was saying "Ave ;"
For she was there in effigy portrayed
Who turned the key to ope the exalted love,
And in her mien this language had impressed,
"Ecce Ancilla Dei," as distinctly
As any figure stamps itself in wax.¹

"Nature's self had there been put to shame," but presently, no longer in cold adumbration, the Archangel again is shown, as a bright, living power, chanting his holy "Ave" in the courts of Heaven—a flame of burning charity.

Io sono amore angelico, che giro
T'alta letizia che spira del ventre
Che fu albergo del nostro disiro ;
E girerommi, Donna del ciel, mentre
Che seguirai tuo Figlio, e ferai dia
Più la spera suprema, perchè gli entre.²

Angel of love! the heavens were opened as that voice sang on, the "voice that spoke on earth to Mary" rising, falling in divinest harmony—

Whatever melody most sweetly soundeth
On earth, and to itself most draws the soul
Would seem a cloud that rent asunder thunders
Compared unto the sounding of that lyre
Wherewith was crowned the sapphire beautiful,
Which gives the clearest heaven its sapphire hue.³

Wonderful that song—wonderful the signs and symbols of celestial things—the Angel of the Annunciation most jubilantly now proclaiming the Assumption glories ; a revelation of the holiest power of God, angelic love now burning gloriously into sight—a cresset of effulgent radiance—a torch of glowing fire—sweeping athwart illimitable celestial spaces, crowning with his song of love the "living Star" "which there excelleth, as it here excelled"⁴—*Stella matutina—Mater divinæ gratiæ!*

¹ *Purgatorio*, x. 34.

² *Par.* xxiii. 104.

³ *Par.* xxiii. 97.

⁴ *Par.* xxiii. 93.

"Assumpta est Maria in cœlum: gaudent Angeli, collaudantes benedicunt Dominum, Alleluia."

"Prævenisti eam, Domine, in benedictionibus dulcedinis: posuisti in capite ejus coronam de lapide pretioso."

All the hosts of Heaven rejoice as upward speeds the
"incoronated flame"—

'Regina cœli' singing with such sweetness,
That ne'er from me has the delight departed.¹

Regina cœli lætare—

O Virgin Mother, Daughter of thy Son,
Of creatures all the lowliest, loftiest one,
Term of God's counsel, fixed ere time begun.

Our human race thou hast to such degree
Ennobled in thy Maker's eye that He
His creature's child hath not disdained to be.

Kindled anew within thy womb's pure shrine
Did burn the love beneath whose glow benign
Bloomed in eternal peace this Flower divine.

Here unto us art Thou the noonday light
Of charity—below in earth's dark night
Thou art of hope the living fountain bright.²

Wonderful the vision of the great Archangel as a flame of fire—a burning song of love—crowning the Virgin Mother; and once again—fair love personified—he stands in the Empyrean with high uplifted pinions, in rapt adoration. *Trattando l'ære con l'eterne penne. . . .*

And the love that first descended there
"Ave Maria, gratia plena," singing
In front of her his wings expanded wide.
Unto the canticle divine responded
From every point the Court beatified,
So that each sight became serener for it.³

"Enamoured so that he seems made of fire"⁴ he stands before the "Rose, in which the Word Divine became incarnate," before the "handmaid of the Lord" by whom the key did open to God's love—Gabriel the Archangel:—

such gallantry and grace
As there can be in Angel and in soul
All is in him; and thus we fain would have it;

¹ *Par.* xxiii. 129.

² *Par.* xxxiii. Translated by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

³ *Par.* xxxii. 94.

⁴ *Par.* xxxii. 106.

Because he is the one who bore the palm
Down unto Mary, when the Son of God
To take our burden on Himself decreed.¹

St. Bernard utters his panegyric even in the midst of Heaven's overwhelming glories, whilst still the wondrous sunrise dawns more fair and bright—the sunrise of God's presence, within whose radiance His "lowliest, loftiest creature" is revealed enthroned.

Straight mine eyes I raised ; and bright,
As, at the birth of morn, the eastern clime
Above the horizon, where the sun declines ;
So to mine eyes, that upward, as from vale
To mountain sped, at th'extreme bound, a part
Excell'd in lustre all the front oppos'd
And as the glow burns ruddiest o'er the wave,
That waits the sloping beam, which Phaëton
Ill knew to guide, and on each part the light
Diminish'd fades, intensest in the midst ;
So burned the peaceful oriflamb, and slack'd
On every side the living flame decay'd.
And in that midst their sportive pennons wav'd
Thousands of Angels in resplendence each
Distinct, and quaint adornment. At their glee
And carol, smil'd the Lovely One of Heav'n,
That joy was in the eyes of all the blest.²

Thousands of jubilant angels each 'differing in effulgence and in kind,' gloriously made manifest in the gleaming brightness of that mystic centre ; whilst, again and yet again reiterated, their ecstatic song of adoration and of praise peals through the empyrean.

Now seen in smiling joy surrounding that fair, heavenly throne bathed in celestial glories of God's sunrise ; now flying radiant from leaf to leaf of Heaven's snow-white rose—the Rose of Paradise—under whose imagery is wondrously displayed

the saintly host

Whom Christ in His own blood had made His bride.³

Descending—re-ascending to "where their love abideth evermore," dwelling eternally in the high Presence of Him of whom they are enamoured—reflecting mirror-like His boundless glory and omnipotence, Wisdom, Love, and Power.

Now revealed as living sparks of fire still issuing forth from an effulgent river—a river of light—the river of God's splendour—light of Truth divine ! Now once again revealed as flaming

¹ *Par.* xxxii. 109.

² *Par.* xxxi. 109.

³ *Par.* xxxi. 2.

circles in the heavens, gyrating ever in adoring radiance about that dazzling awful Point from which all things in earth and heaven draw their being.

From that point
Dependent is the heaven and nature all.
Behold that circle most conjoined to it,
And know thou, that its motion is so swift
Through burning love whereby it is spurred on.¹

With every sparkle shivering to new blaze—to new resplendency—revolving in strange, glorious measures, swift or slow, according to their power of love, the Angels and Archangels wheel—

Then in the dances twain penultimate
The Principalities and Archangels wheel ;
The last is wholly of angelic sports.
These orders upward all of them are gazing,
And downward so prevail, that unto God
They all attracted are and all attract.²

As with a rainbow's mystic arc uniting earth and heaven they ply their holy ministry, "when taught they teach others ; they are steadfast in themselves ; they pour down influence from above. . . ." *Benedicite Dominum omnes Angeli ejus : potentes virtute, qui facitis verbum ejus !*

"In the night of this world we behold the heavens studded with stars, great, glorious, and beautiful, and in like manner has Scripture opened to our view a sight of the Blessed Angels. They appear as stars around us. But no unconcerned spectators in their silent watches. . . . They are ministering spirits sent by God—shadows of His Presence. . . ."

Not to acquire some good unto Himself
Which is impossible, but that His splendour
In its resplendency may say, 'subsisto,'
In its eternity outside of time,
Outside all other limits, as it pleased Him,
Into new loves the Eternal Love unfolded.³

High messengers of love—Knights of the Holy Ghost !

The office of the angels is not only akin to that of love, but they are above all else the instruments of love. . . .

"So long as Paradise shall last, so long shall God our Love radiate this vesture of light around us. Its brightness is in proportion to the ardour of our charity, that ardour to our

¹ *Par.* xxviii. 41.

² *Par.* xxviii. 125.

³ *Par.* xxix. 13.

vision of God; and that vision is in proportion to the grace bestowed upon the soul over and above its natural powers."¹

The vesture of light of the saints and the vesture of light of the angels is one, and chief among these angels in their robes of love reigns Gabriel the Archangel, well named the "Strength of God."

"St. Gabriel is strong, not with his own strength, but with God's, and he imparts this strength to the servants of God on earth. It is his office to show how out of weakness God brings strength. . . . For this reason he was the Messenger of the *Incarnation*. God made Man was the utmost limit of which strength in weakness was capable. The infinite power of God was joined to the feebleness of the lowest rational nature that God had created. . . ."²

The holy visions of the *Paradiso* were still about me, and as I thought of the great office of the angels—of Gabriel's lofty mission—through purest blueness of the morning sky, through radiant cloud-rack of the breaking day, still came the flashing of those mystic angel-wings—the sweep of dazzling raiment—the burning glow of living fire.

Le facce tutte avean di fiamma viva,
E l'ali d'oro; e l'altro tanto bianco,
Che nulla neve a quel termine arriva;³

Under an aspect human⁴—instinct with life and grace and majesty downward swept Gabriel still, with all resistless might. His unshod feet of adamant purity touched by the rosy wavelets of the sky, the nimbus of his flowing locks golden with heavenly light—with mystical illuminating glory; his outstretched wings and radiant vesture interwoven with the sun rays, shining luminous against the tender beauty of the sapphire heavens, *dolce color d'oriental zaffiro*, unfathomable, illimitable depths of the translucent atmosphere, and flames of fire uprising wondrously from gleaming golden wings, sun-riven hair and robe of purest whiteness! His face downbending o'er the mist-veiled earth breathed hope and joy and peace, his wondrous eyes, deep wells of love, embraced mankind with their sweet power of love—drawn from a source divine—from that great Fount of Love "that moves the sun in heaven and all the

¹ *Par.* xiv. 35.

² The Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J.

³ *Par.* xxxi. 13.

⁴ *Par.* iv. 46.

stars,"¹ whilst from his parted lips broke forth anew that song of love celestial—the glorious message sounding through all ages—heard alike in lowest misery of earth, most joyous heights of Heaven.

Io sono amore angelico !

Even as once in awful vision seen by Daniel, swift flying, in burning words the coming of the great Messias prophesying ; even as once aflame with love, standing in glorious, adoring might before the Holy Virgin with the Annunciation message—the Angel of the Lord announcing unto Mary—even as once, in all triumphant joy, the light of God shining around, his voice proclaiming to the world the King of Love's Nativity ; so still his presence dawns eternally. And through the opening gates of Heaven smiles forth upon the new-born year—the new-awakened century—the Face of Love, appealing to all hearts attuned to love, souls roused from sleep of sin.

"Lo, now is the acceptable time in which the signs of consolation and of peace are rising. The dawn of a new day shineth, before which the darkness of long calamity is passing away. Already a quickening breeze doth blow from the orient ; on the horizon the sky is blushing red, filling the people with joyful expectation. We, too, shall see the looked-for joy, who have passed the night in the desert ; for the Sun of Peace will arise and justice will revive in his dawn. All that hunger and thirst will be filled in the light of his rays, and they that love iniquity will be confounded at the face of his brightness. . . ."²

O mighty Herald Angel of the breaking day—the Orient on high—clad in white raiment of all highest purity, with heavenly wings of golden incorruptibility, radiant with all embracing flame of holy Charity, uttering thy burning message to the sleeping world. Great Herald of the King of Kings !

From golden glories of the dawning day speaking eternally of Love divine—the sweet and loving Word. Humanity, Divinity made One—the Saviour, Christ the Lord, and of His Kingdom that shall have no end ; and of that awful overshadowing Power of God the Holy Ghost—the Power that once o'er-shadowed Mary and still shadows with its love the souls of men. No word shall be impossible with God !

Veni, Sancte Spiritus, reple tuorum corda fidelium ; et tui Amoris in eis ignem accende. . . .

¹ *Par.* xxxiii. 145.

² Dante's *Ten Heavens*, p. 298.

Great messenger of God the Holy Ghost—Angel of Love—may the high vision of thy glorious brightness dawn upon all eyes, all ears be opened to the heavenly message, all hearts receiving grace of charity diffuse that grace around—vibrating with the love of Heaven, speak heart to heart. May we love others with thy fervent love, in strength of God find all our strength, may we at least echo in life some notes of thy divine eternal harmonies—the charity of God, the holy love of man for man, filling our poor dumb hearts, pity and tender mercy, making divinest music in the world.

Angel of burning love! *Ecce Ancilla Dei* still responsive uttering to thy wondrous "Ave," may thy great fervent love set its most glorious seal for ever on our lives, the "Wisdom and Omnipotence that oped the thoroughfares twixt earth and heaven" be ever with us!

Et ecce Angelus Domini stetit juxta illos, et claritas Dei circumfulsit illos.

CONSTANCE HOPE.

An Emigré Priest in England.

1792—1801.

THE beneficial influence exercised on the public mind in England by the French priests who, at the close of the last century, sought safety on our shores, is a recognized fact. In return for the generous assistance that was given them by the Government and people, the refugees unconsciously helped to dispel some of the prejudices with which the Catholics in general and priests in particular were viewed in England.

Their undeserved sufferings inspired sympathy, their dignity, patience, and priestly virtues commanded respect and, being foreigners dependent on English hospitality, they were admitted into houses that would probably have remained closed to an English Catholic priest.

There exist, on the whole, few contemporary memoirs in which the French exiles have recorded their personal adventures and impressions.¹ When they returned to France they had before them a heavy task, for it was no easy matter to repair even some of the evil that the Revolution had wrought throughout the land, and in their hard-worked lives they had neither sufficient time nor money to publish the reminiscences of their days of exile. Moreover, during the first years of the nineteenth century, France was at war with England; all communication between the two countries was interrupted, and the position of priests in France was still too precarious for any of them to venture upon a public expression of gratitude towards the nation that had befriended them in their hour of need.

This scarcity of contemporary documents makes the discovery of any new papers a boon to those who are interested

¹ The Abbés Barruel, de Lubersac, and Baston have left memoirs on the subject; these have been used by M. l'Abbé Plasse, who in 1880 published two volumes of great interest on the *émigré* priests in England.

in the subject. M. Victor Pierre, well known in France for his remarkable studies on the Revolutionary period, has just brought to light the hitherto unpublished correspondence of a Curé from Normandy, whose letters, extending from 1792 to 1801, give us a curious insight into the daily life and occupations of a French priest in England during the emigration.¹ Personally, the good Curé whose letters lie before us was, although a conscientious and lovable man, of a more common-place type than certain of his brethren, to whose labours the English Mission owes a large debt of gratitude. But if he had not the gifts of an apostle like, for example, the Abbé Carron of holy memory, he seems to have known how to win the affection and esteem of the Protestants as well as of the Catholics with whom he was thrown. This, in itself, if we consider the deep-rooted prejudice with which the Catholics were regarded at the period, speaks well for his tact, kindness of heart, and dignity of demeanour. His letters also present to us examples of private charity, less known and even more touching than the splendid demonstrations of public generosity, organized on behalf of the refugees.

Our hero was an inveterate scribbler, and had the curious habit of keeping a copy of every letter he ever wrote. So faithfully indeed did he adhere to this custom that at the end of his life he was able to proclaim the fact that since he left school he had written 3,785 letters, the copies of which form seventeen large volumes. It is thus that we are in possession of his letters to his English friends and to his French fellow-exiles; we can only regret that he did not preserve their answers with the same care as his own productions.

Although he was pastor of a village in Normandy, Henri Goudemetz, the subject of this paper, was a native of the province of Artois. He was born in 1749, in the little town of St. Pol, not far from Arras, and had fifteen brothers and sisters. Two of his brothers became priests, and both died in Germany during the emigration.

Henri studied for the priesthood first at Douai, then in Paris; he was ordained in 1774 by Mgr. Partz de Pressy, Bishop of Boulogne, but he did not remain in his native diocese. After spending some years first in Paris, as Vicaire at La Villette, then at Champeaux, near Sens, he finally became

¹ *Un Curé de Normandie réfugié en Angleterre, 1792—1801, d'après la correspondance inédite.* Par M. Victor Pierre, 1900.

parish priest of the village of Cretot, in the diocese of Rouen, between Fécamp and Le Havre.

He took possession of his post in 1786. Cretot, at that time, numbered only from 400 to 500 inhabitants, but its pastor evidently considered himself a fortunate man. He had a good house, a large garden, in which he was fond of working, many neighbours and friends, among whom were the lord of the manor, the Baron de Cretot and his wife. We gather also from his letters that, if not rich, he was comfortably off for a man of simple tastes; he could boast, he tells us, of a large supply of house linen, some silver plate and furniture, and a library of 700 volumes. He was an indefatigable reader and copyist, for, besides taking a copy of every letter he penned, he possessed, in 1789, thirty volumes, carefully bound, which contained extracts from all the books he had ever read. His life seems to have been tranquil and contented; the care of his parish, his incessant correspondence with his *confrères* in Paris and at Champeaux and with his family in Artois, the visits he exchanged with his neighbours, the company of his violin, and above all of his pipe—his one passion—filled up his time to his entire satisfaction.

The Revolutionary tempest broke up his peaceful existence, but it did not alter the innate cheerfulness that no privation, anxiety, or change of position could destroy. His was one of those happy natures that carry their sunshine within them, a gift that explains the popularity enjoyed by our Curé among his French brethren and later on among his English friends.

As early as 1791, a certain number of French Bishops and priests, driven to exile by persecution, sought a refuge in Jersey. The following year, 1792, there were several hundred priests in the island, some were voluntary exiles, others had been forcibly expelled from their country by order of Government. When the first band of refugees landed in Jersey there was but one Catholic in the island; an aged woman of eighty! Nevertheless, the inhabitants were, as a rule, favourably disposed towards the French priests, to whose presence and influence is due, in a great measure, the revival of Catholicism in the Channel Islands.¹

At the same time, a large number of priests landed in

¹ There are now 9,000 Catholics in Jersey. The Guernsey mission was founded in 1802 by two French priests—M. Navet, of Le Mans, and M. Massier, of Bayeux, who came over from Jersey.

England, the French Government having condemned to banishment all those who declined to take the schismatical oath known as the *Constitution civile du clergé*. It was this circumstance that brought M. Goudemetz' quiet and contented life to an end. He seems to have been in no hurry to leave his parish and country until absolutely obliged to do so; but when he was given the choice between taking the schismatical oath or resigning his post, he unhesitatingly adopted the latter course. With all his invariable good-humour and easy-going temperament, this Norman Curé had, when circumstances required it, the makings of a confessor of the faith. He left his comfortable house and its simple pleasures and, after a short period of imprisonment at Montivilliers, he joined his friend, the Baron de Cretot, with whom he spent ten months, partly at the latter's *château*, partly at his town house at Rouen. Meantime a schismatic priest took possession of the church and parish of Cretot.

M. Goudemetz evidently realized, more clearly than many of his colleagues, the depths and extent of the Revolutionary movement. He foresaw that it was not a passing tempest, but a thorough upheaval of the old *régime* and, during his ten months' stay with his kind friends, he took his measures with a view to the future. He entrusted his plate, furniture, and beloved books to different people, on whose fidelity he could rely, and, having thus prepared for the worst, he waited the development of events.

In August, 1792, a decree appeared ordering the priests who were living in Rouen to leave the city. M. Goudemetz went to St. Aubin-sur-mer, in Lower Normandy; it was then a tiny sea-side village and is fast growing into a crowded and fashionable *plage*. Thence he proceeded to Dieppe, having made up his mind to seek shelter in England. When he arrived at Dieppe he learnt that a few days previously, on the 2nd of September, the priests confined in the different prisons of Paris had been barbarously massacred. Conscientious in the fulfilment of all his priestly duties, our good Curé would doubtless have accepted martyrdom with a brave and even cheerful heart had it been required of him, but, being free to seek safety in flight, he took advantage of the liberty that was left him, and on the 6th of September, 1792, he embarked in a large fishing-boat, which at ten that night set sail for England. Twenty-seven priests, many of whom had fled to Dieppe on hearing of the

Paris massacres, were with him and "we felt," he writes, "like shipwrecked mariners who have grasped a plank of safety."

The fugitives had an excellent passage and next morning landed at Eastbourne, where our hero tells us that the shore was crowded with people, many of whom came forward to offer their assistance to the travellers, who were moved to tears at these marks of kindness.

Other boats followed bringing more priests, and the first arrivals resolved to move on to London in order to make room for the new-comers. They hired a cart in which the old and infirm seated themselves; the others followed on foot, and the caravan began its journey towards the capital. M. Goudemetz, who seems to have been an indefatigable walker, found its progress too slow for his taste, he therefore went forward with two companions, both priests of the diocese of Rouen, M. Evrard and M. Le Roux, the one *Curé*, the other *Vicaire* of Varneville.

At first the three travellers seem to have walked on cheerfully enough, the thought of the real dangers from which they had escaped was uppermost in their minds, they were interested by the novel aspect of the towns and villages, and much struck by the charming aspect of the country, whose summer beauty was still unfaded.

On drawing nearer to London, however, their spirits sank and they realized the difficulties of their position. Thoughts of the uncertain future that awaited them oppressed even M. Goudemetz' sanguine mind; neither of the three knew a word of English, they had not the faintest idea where to seek a lodging, and they were aware that the position of Catholic priests in England was still a precarious one, the penal laws not being repealed.

They were about twelve miles from London when they met a carriage in which were a lady and gentleman. The priests bowed courteously as they would have done if they had met travellers of distinction on the highways of their own Normandy, and the carriage immediately stopped. The gentleman, who spoke a little French, inquired from the travellers who they were and where they were going. Writing a few days later to a friend, the Chevalier Chabre, M. Goudemetz, in his quaint yet somewhat pompous phraseology, relates how he spoke in the name of the three and explained to the benevolent stranger that he and his companions had lost their positions

because they refused to stain their lips with a guilty oath. He added that they were bound for London but that they felt very anxious on drawing to their journey's end, knowing no English and not having a single acquaintance in the city.

The gentleman listened attentively, then he wrote his name, Thomas Meade, on a card, with his London address, and bade the three priests come straight to his house, promising to take good care of them.

With the buoyancy of spirit that was one of his chief characteristics, M. Goudemetz soon forgot his gloomy forebodings; he tells us that so relieved was he by this lucky meeting that he thought nothing of the twenty miles he had just walked, nor of the ten miles that still lay before him.

I felt quite easy in my mind [he writes], and when I arrived at my kind host's I was happier still. Everything was done for me that could be; I had a good supper, a warm welcome, an excellent bed, from which I rose with some difficulty next morning to breakfast with my host. We went out together afterwards, a lodging was found for me at a Frenchman's in the neighbourhood, and my host brought me home to dine at his house. Not content with this, he gave me some ink, paper, a few English books, and a game of tric-trac. He made me promise to come and have tea with him every day during the short time that he was still to spend in London.

In another letter written to his eldest brother, our Curé adds with heartfelt gratitude:

It must be confessed that our French prejudices against the English are unfounded; *we* are bound to speak well of them.

Thomas Meade, the good Samaritan who so opportunely came to the assistance of the distressed French priests, was a gentleman of independent means, a Protestant and an Oxford man. One of his brothers was a Protestant minister at Dublin, and their family seems to have been of Irish origin. When M. Goudemetz made his acquaintance under the circumstances we have related, Mr. Meade was about thirty-five years of age and had recently married. He spent a short time in London every year, but lived chiefly in the country, and, as we shall see in the course of this paper, his French friend visited him first in Wiltshire, then at Cuddesdon and Heddington, in Oxfordshire; at Blacklands, in Somersetshire, and finally at Chatley, near Bath, a property which he bought in 1799. He seems, according to M. Goudemetz, to have been a well-

educated and cultivated, as well as a most kind-hearted man. His Oxford training had developed his taste for the classics, and we are told that he wrote Latin fluently. He and his wife understood and spoke French, but in the letters that were exchanged between them and their French friend they always used their own language, which M. Goudemetz soon learnt to understand, while he continued to write to them in French. Unfortunately, the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Meade are not forthcoming, we only possess copies of those which were written to them by the grateful Curé, and these we owe to the latter's curious mania for keeping a copy of all the epistles he ever penned.

True to his word, Mr. Meade took a lodging for the French priests in Poland Street, near his own residence; he often invited them to dinner and when, two months later, he left London, he begged them to write to him and made them promise that they would come and see him in the country. This they did, and their kind host not only paid the expenses of their journey but also loaded them with useful presents.

The following year, 1793, was full of anxiety for the French refugees; the King's execution in January was followed by the declaration of war between France and England on the 1st of February, and by order of the English Government, all French subjects who were residing in the towns on the coast were commanded to remove to London or its vicinity. The refugee priests continued to be treated with respect and kindness; nevertheless some of them seem to have been seized by a kind of unreasoning panic, and became restlessly anxious to leave England. Among these were M. Goudemetz' two companions: M. Evrard returned to France; M. Le Roux, after many adventures, reached Bavaria, where a German parish priest, near Ratisbonne, gave him a home in exchange for his services. He occasionally wrote to M. Goudemetz and sent grateful messages to Mr. Meade.

Our hero seems to have felt no desire to follow his friend's example; he writes to Mr. Meade in July, 1793:

I am far from approving M. de Roux' hasty departure, and farther still from wishing to do likewise. If ever the thought of imitating him came into my head, I should not do so without taking your advice.

To another friend of his who had left England, he writes: "You have left what is certain for what is uncertain."

He had still a small sum of money that he had brought over from France, and during the summer months he employed his time in visiting the neighbourhood of London. Being an excellent walker, he did all his sight-seeing on foot; he went thus to Greenwich, Hammersmith, Kew, Richmond, Windsor, where he had a glimpse of the Royal family; Guildford, where one hundred and twenty French refugees were living together, and where he heard Mass in their chapel. "I was delighted," he writes, "to see the protection, consideration, and peace enjoyed by our French exiles at Guildford." In the course of his different expeditions around London, M. Goudemetz seems to have met with much kindness: at Epsom, a benevolent citizen insisted on paying his expenses at the inn; another time, a Protestant minister invited him to his house and gave him a cordial welcome.

The year 1793 brought our good Curé a fresh trial; on account of the war, it became impossible to correspond with France, and he had to live in ignorance of the fate of the friends and relations to whom he had hitherto written with unflinching regularity. One of the last letters he was able to send home was to the sacristan of his former parish, to whom he wrote thus in February, 1793:

It is painful to live away from one's relations and friends, but to be prevented from writing to or hearing from them is like death.

And again:

I have every reason to think that this is the last time I write to you. . . . I appreciate your worth and shall never be happier than when I am able to reward your good and loyal service.

Although M. Goudemetz' warm heart felt this total separation from his friends at home, his naturally sunny temper made the best of adverse circumstances, and the kindness of his English friends did much to render his life tolerably happy. His visits to Mr. Meade were a source of interest and pleasure. He used to send his luggage by the public conveyance, and to start on foot, partly from economy, and also because he could thus better enjoy the country; he seems to have thought little of walking thirty-six miles in a day. It is thus that he went to stay with the Meade family at Blacklands, in Somersetshire. On his way he stopped at Reading to visit the French priests, who had settled there in large numbers. Some of them were

living in the neighbourhood of the town, others in a large house that the English Government had lent them in Reading itself; here they formed a kind of community, and our indefatigable pedestrian tells us how glad and grateful he was to spend a happy day with his brethren. He took part in their religious exercises, dined with them, and several among them insisted on accompanying him for some miles beyond the town.

This is not the only instance of similar generosity on the part of the English Government. The old palace of Winchester, built by Charles II., was also placed at the disposal of the French refugees. As early as the 4th of November, 1792, two hundred and fifty priests took possession of it, and they soon organized their lives on the plan of the seminaries at home. Two chapels were established, the Divine Office was recited in common, and the rest of the day was spent in study and private prayer. Another establishment of the same kind existed near Gosport, and it is evident that in the case of many priests, too unpractical, too old or infirm to battle with the material difficulties of life, these colonies, where an able organization took the place of private initiative, were a precious boon.

Our Norman Curé was, we fancy, of too independent and active a temperament to care to spend more than a few days in these communities; nevertheless, for the sake of economy probably, he once formed part of a group of eight priests, who, during some months, lived together in a lodging at Pentonville, then a country village, where the fresh air and green trees had a great charm for these country Curés, accustomed as they were to the green Norman pastures. Each member of the little colony paid three shillings a week towards the rent, and five shillings for food. Each one in his turn undertook the cooking during a week, another did the marketing:

I know how to cook a *pot au feu* [writes M. Goudemetz to his younger brother], only once I threw into the saucepan so many herbs and spices that instead of soup I produced a pharmaceutical decoction.

The elder of the little colony had the title of president; all its members came from Normandy, and we have before us the rules that were drawn up for the government of this miniature republic. Some of the items make us smile: after stating that mutual charity and cheerfulness are the fundamental principles of the association, the writer says:

In order to preserve, as best we can, the *sublime* cleanliness of which the English give us so bright an example, it is forbidden to spit, to wear dirty shoes, or to wash one's hands in the living rooms. All these things may be done in the back kitchen.

This association only lasted a few months; some of its members left England, and finally M. Goudemetz remained alone. He then removed to 19, Winchester Street, to a garret where a splendid view extending over all London was the chief charm of his abode.

His visits to Mr. Meade made a pleasant break in the monotony of his London life. Though he did not succeed in making Catholics of his kind hosts, he evidently gained their esteem, affection, and confidence by his sunny temper, quick intelligence, and unfailing tact. No cloud, however slight, seems to have marred their friendship. Mr. Meade treated his guest as a valued friend; he took him to Oxford, Exeter, Plymouth, Torquay, and introduced him to his neighbours. M. Goudemetz names some of these in his letters, but we own to certain doubts as to the accuracy both of their names and of the titles that the good Curé freely bestows upon them. The most intimate seem to have been John Walker Hencage,¹ often called Lord Hencage; Lord (?) Compton, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Sawbridge, Lady Fermor, Mrs. Porter. The two last were Catholics.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

(To be continued.)

¹ Might it be Heneage?

Lord Halifax on the Joint Pastoral.

WHAT is most surprising about Lord Halifax's article on *The Anglo-Roman Pastoral* in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century* and after, is that a person of the writer's capacity and supposed acquaintance with Catholic theology should exhibit such a want of knowledge of the very first elements of the Catholic system. Thus, the Catholic Bishops in their Joint Pastoral of last January have occasion to cite the familiar words by which our Lord gave His commission to the Apostles and their successors, and promised them the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit—"As My Father hath sent Me, so send I you;" "When He, the Spirit of Truth, shall come, He will teach you all Truth;" and those other words, "He that heareth you, heareth Me," which were obviously as applicable to their later and more lasting mission as to the previous temporary mission by which they were trained for it. Summarizing the effect of these words, they say, "When our Lord Jesus Christ was upon earth God spoke through the lips of His Sacred Humanity. After He had ascended into Heaven, the Divine Teacher spoke through the mouth of Peter and the Apostles; and now He teaches, and will continue to teach through their legitimate successors 'until the consummation of the world.'" One would have imagined this to be the statement of a sufficiently intelligible position—one too which, as far as it goes, expressed the mind of High Churchmen no less than Catholics—but here is Lord Halifax's comment on it: "It is impossible not to infer from this that God speaks through the mouth of the Pope, just as He spoke through the mouth of Christ, which of course would mean that the Pope, like Christ, was the source of revelation—that he was not merely infallibly assisted but simply inspired. Consistently with this false transition from one sense to another, the Church is spoken of throughout as 'the Divine Teacher;' in fact, we are told that

'God Himself is the Divine Teacher [now on earth]¹ of whom we speak.' The implied argument is, that the Pope is Peter, Peter is Christ, Christ is God; therefore the Pope or the Church is God. Now the Church is not God," &c.

At such an inference one can only exclaim, "Prodigious!" The Church may in a sense be called a Divine Teacher, and in two cases in the Joint Pastoral *it may be* that the Bishops apply this designation to her. If so, it ought not to need explaining to a person like Lord Halifax that they call her so, as God's representative on earth, not as though she (or the Pope, whom it is never our custom to designate thus) were actually God. When, however, Lord Halifax tells us that "the Church is spoken of throughout [the Joint Pastoral] as the Divine Teacher," we are compelled to tell him that, out of eighteen cases in which it employs the term, in sixteen at least, if not in the entire eighteen, it applies it not to the Church but to God, who through Jesus Christ communicated His Teaching to the Church, and to the Holy Spirit, indwelling in the Church, which secures to her members the incorrupt transmission of our Lord's Teaching. Indeed, a main purpose of the Pastoral, it may be truly said, is to inculcate precisely this truth, that the Teaching which comes to us through the Church is entitled to our intellectual obedience because it is Divine Teaching, and that it is Divine Teaching because it is not so much her Teaching, as the Teaching of God, who uses her as His organ of communication. But if so, says Lord Halifax, we make the Pope to be a "source of revelation" and "inspired," instead of merely infallibly "assisted." He speaks of the Pope, and no doubt what we have been saying refers in a special manner to the Pope, but inasmuch as it refers inclusively to the *quotidianum magisterium* of the Bishops throughout the world we prefer to use the more comprehensive term, and speak rather of the Church. Does it follow then that, if her Teaching is Divine in the sense explained, she must be inspired, not merely infallibly assisted? Certainly not. According to the explanation given, this Teaching is God's Teaching primarily, because it is truth which Jesus Christ in the first instance revealed and communicated to His Apostles, and which they and their successors have passed on incorrupt from one generation to another. The function of the Spirit which "assists" but does not "inspire," is to guard this Divine Teaching from the corruption

¹ The bracketed words are interpolated by Lord Halifax.

which, if allowed to enter in, would change its character, and make it cease to be Divine.

Another complaint which Lord Halifax has against the Joint Pastoral is that while claiming an infallible teaching-authority for the Pope, and likewise a non-infallible teaching-authority for the Pope, Bishops, Congregations, and other components of the *Ecclesia docens*, it neglects to assign the precise limits within which these exercises of authority are confined. But why should it be obligatory on our Bishops, when they think fit to instruct their flocks on some particular point or points connected with the teaching authority of the Church, to give a systematic and comprehensive treatise on the entire subject of Church authority? If Lord Halifax requires such a treatise let him seek it where he will readily find it, in the works of some of our recognized theologians—as Franzelin.

Still the Bishops do say something in their Pastoral of the range of the Church's teaching-authority. They say, for instance, "that it is not confined to the truths of revelation or what are closely connected therewith, but comprises all that is necessary for feeding, teaching, and governing the flock." Nor has Lord Halifax overlooked the statement. On the contrary, he censures it as vague and obscure. "'Needful,'" he says, "admits of great latitude of interpretation. It might be said that infallible guidance as to the substance of the Christian faith and the divinely established means of grace—in fact, as to just what Christ revealed and established—is all that is 'needful' for the fullest sanctification and salvation." True, and it might also be said that infallible guidance of so restricted a nature is not nearly all that is needful for that end. The important question, as Lord Halifax sees, is as to who is to judge what and how much is needful, and the Catholic answer is that the *Ecclesia docens*, the Holy See and the Bishops, must judge. It is an answer which seems reasonable, for we cannot imagine that our Lord, having entrusted them with the office of teaching, would be so ineffectual as to leave them without the light to know the extent of its range.

Another question which Lord Halifax finds to be raised and not answered in the Pastoral is well worth examining, as it touches a very practical point. What, he asks, is the nature of "the religious assent to be given by obedient Catholics to non-infallible authoritative decisions?" He concludes, rightly, that there is question here not of mere external respect and deference, but

of a certain "obedience of interior judgment." And yet, he continues: "the Pastoral allows that, *e.g.*, the Holy Office may condemn an opinion to-day as false, and later may allow that it was true; [and] in fact the Holy Office may make mistakes; there is, after all, no such thing as a *quasi-infallible*, a nearly infallible decision. A miss here is as good as a mile. . . . Is it then possible that we should interiorly assent to a decision, knowing at the time that the same authority which proposes it to our belief has often reversed similar decisions, and may reverse this? Plainly such a condition can be only conditional and probable, and in no sense final. But of this and similar limitations there is no indication in the Pastoral, just because the Sacred Congregation or the local Bishop, no less than the Pope, is a 'Divine Teacher,' of whom it has been said, 'He that heareth you, heareth Me.'" He is again incorrect in stating that there is *no* indication in the Pastoral of the character of the religious assent due to non-infallible pronouncements; but once more one must regret that Lord Halifax before putting his questions did not bethink himself of consulting the theological writers, as, for instance, the one mentioned above, who has had to investigate this very point. Since infallibility is secured not by "inspiration," but by "assistance," and assistance implies an exercise of the natural faculty of reason in examining the contents of revelation in Scripture and Tradition, and in deciding what theological conclusions are the logical outcome of these premisses, it is not conceivable that the highest teaching authority in the Church should be restricted in its authoritative utterances, which can command a religious assent and obedience, to those sole occasions when it can see its way to an infallible pronouncement. It can see its way to this only when it can feel an absolute confidence in the judgment at which it arrives after much prayer for light, and an exhaustive consideration of all the materials supplied by the teaching of the Fathers, the records of the past, the testimonies of Bishops, the present *sensus fidelium*, and the discussions of the theologians. But the action of authority upon the Church cannot be restricted to rare intervals, between which the faithful are abandoned to the fortune of their own private judgments. It must be continuous, and this involves that there must be less solemn modes of official teaching and ruling, in which the guarantee of freedom from error is less firm, but still, having always the gift of infallible utterance to fall back upon, is

sufficiently firm for the end in view—which is to secure that the infallible teaching of *ex-cathedra* decrees, or of the *quotidianum magisterium*, may be applied and enforced, and propositions clearly incompatible with it may be condemned before they have time to take root in Catholic minds. It is here that Bishops' Pastorals, Answers of Sacred Congregations, together with many Papal Letters, find their place.

If, indeed, it were the fact that "those in authority" in the Church who deliver themselves from time to time in one or other of these confessedly non-infallible forms of utterance were "convicted time after time of presuming on their office, of recklessly neglecting the most ordinary means of arriving at the truth, of deciding questions which they have never investigated," it might well be that "they justly forfeit all claim to that internal deference which their instructions should command." It would certainly be a heavy strain on our allegiance to the Catholic Faith, if we were expected to give interior assent to instructions emanating from such discredited sources. But, *pace* Lord Halifax, all this is mere reckless misrepresentation.

It is true that the instances are not infrequent when charges of this nature are brought against a Sacred Congregation—to confine ourselves to their case—in view of some decree which it has issued; but that is because the persons who bring the charge are interested in some historical or scientific conclusion, or—in view of the tacit allusion in the words quoted—let us add, in some cherished claim of an external communion. They have convinced themselves that their own conclusions are true, and that in consequence the Catholic Faith, if rightly interpreted, must be in harmony with it. They demand that their conclusions in this other branch of study, being in their judgment so certain, shall be accepted as the test by which to decide what is the doctrine of the Catholic Church; they forget that the authorities of the Church are necessarily committed to the converse procedure, that they must take the truth of Catholic doctrines as the test by which to decide on the admissibility of the theories submitted to them, and must seek their test of the truth of Catholic doctrines in the character of Catholic tradition. St. Paul did not say, "O Timothy, test the deposit from time to time by the new discoveries in history and science, and faithfully abandon whatever portion of it is in conflict with

them," but, "O Timothy, keep the deposit," and that is the rule the Church authorities have always believed themselves bound to follow. It follows that "their reckless neglect to employ the most ordinary means of arriving at the truth," and to "investigate the questions they decide," if it exists, must refer to the investigation of Catholic tradition—as to whether the Church is committed by this tradition to a doctrine incompatible with the truth of the new theory. An investigation into the scientific or historical grounds of the adverse theory may be desirable, but is always subordinate, and can at best be useful only as affording an outside precaution, to impress the investigators with the importance of investigating their own province of Catholic tradition with the utmost care.

When we bear in mind that this, and this only, is the function of Sacred Congregations, with what justice can it be said that they have been convicted time after time of discharging it in a neglectful manner? Where are the cases in which they can be convicted of having misinterpreted the teaching of the Church, as embodied in Catholic Tradition, and in the Decrees of Popes and Councils. That such cases are few and far between may be gathered from the excessive duty which the Galileo judgment has been made to do, for it would not be cited so often as an example of Roman misjudgments if there were an abundance of similar miscarriages to choose from. Or we may press the point in another way. Most of the modern instances in which a Sacred Congregation has been censured for its decisions have been instances in which the question at issue was whether some theory, as of Evolution, or Biblical criticism, is compatible with the Church's doctrine on the Inspiration of Holy Scripture. The Sacred Congregation, like the Encyclical on the Study of Holy Scripture, has held tenaciously to the doctrine that (1) behind every statement in Holy Scripture there lies a "Thus saith the Lord," and (2) that what the Lord says is true (3) in the sense in which He says it. Any conclusion advanced by a modern theorist which formally denies, or is palpably inconsistent with either (1) or (2), the Congregations have always condemned as inadmissible for a Catholic to hold. Nor will it be easy for their censors to show that in thus acting they have convicted themselves of a scandalous ignorance of the theological positions to which their Church is committed. On the other hand, as regards the third of the points just distinguished, the Congregations have

shown an enlightened toleration. It is generally agreed that we have still much to learn about the literary methods of antiquity, and that when fuller account is taken of these, and the purpose of the Divine Author is more precisely defined, the sense of many passages in Scripture may prove to have been wrongly estimated, with the result of creating some unreal difficulties for the modern apologist. The erroneous judgment on Galileo was an illustration of this defect in the past, and Leo XIII. in his Encyclical on the Study of Scripture gave formal encouragement to the improved system, the exploration of which, on reasonable exegetic principles, will never be discouraged by the Holy Office.

After this vindication of the Sacred Congregation from the charges of wholesale error and incompetence, we may return to the question how far interior assent can be demanded for the decrees of an authority which is confessedly not infallible. Lord Halifax has told us that in this case a miss is as good as a mile, and hence that a non-infallible authority can exact nothing beyond a respectful external deference towards its decisions. But a miss is not as good as a mile in this case. An infallible authority is one which is absolutely incapable of error, and short of this there may be authorities in whom the liability to err is very slight indeed in their own subject-matter. Of such kind is the Holy Office, in view of its gathering up in itself, through its hold on the experts, all the best theological knowledge of the day, in view of its close association with the Holy See, in view, too, of its sharing in itself the "assistance" of the Holy Spirit, which guides not merely the supreme ruler of the Church, but even the subordinate rulers according to the exigencies of their respective spheres of action. It follows that a Sacred Congregation can exact an "obedience of interior judgment," being able (1) to satisfy the reasonable intellectual requirements of the mind for the reasons given, and (2) to impose an obligation of right conduct on the will in virtue of its office as a tribunal of high religious authority in the Church of God. It is true that when the guarantee of infallibility is wanting in the teaching authority, the interior assent rendered cannot be absolute. But such a claim is not made on its behalf. It is freely allowed that these decisions are not necessarily final, and that the possibility of their revision, in some cases at least, may be even contemplated by the Congregation that issues them. Hence, it is sufficient that

the interior assent rendered to it be provisional, and, in fact, the Bishops distinctly say as much, and indicate what in consequence may be done by Catholic students without a suspicion of disloyalty. They tell us that "such a decision [as we are speaking of] is not immutable, and does not prevent Catholic students from continuing their research, and respectfully laying before the Holy See any fresh or more convincing arguments they may discover against the authenticity of the text. And thus it becomes possible that, in time, the tribunals of the Holy See may decide in the sense which the earlier students had suggested, but could not at first establish by satisfactory arguments as a safe conclusion." From a passage like this the reader can see with what justice Lord Halifax writes that "of this and similar limitations [in its nature of the interior assent] there is no indication in the Pastoral, just because the Sacred Congregation or the local Bishop, no less than the Pope, is a 'Divine Teacher,' of whom it has been said, 'He that heareth you, heareth Me.'"

Lord Halifax asks many questions in his article. We cannot deal with them all; but there is one more which we must examine, as it will enable us to explore further his root-error, which is as to the relation of the Holy See to the "Divine Teacher."

"We are told [he says] that the Pope is not inspired or taught miraculously, but only assisted in learning the truth. Where, then, does this truth lie preserved? . . . It lies either in his own mind, or in the mind of the Church at large; or at least of the universal Episcopate. Now the first supposition practically amounts to a claim to miraculous knowledge; for that any one brain should take in the whole of Christian doctrine, under all its myriad aspects and developments, is quite inconceivable."

He hardly works out the alternative supposition, so certain is he that "recent Roman theology is permeated with the fallacy" that the Pope receives nothing in the way of doctrinal truth from the Church, but imparts all to her. Still, from a clause lower down, we can gather how he would complete the dilemma. If, he would say, the truth which the Pope has to declare lies preserved in the mind of the Episcopate or the Church at large, he must be "infallible only because his thought and action are the thought and action of that whole body of which he is but part, and which as a whole is the direct and

adequate depository of revelation and the recipient of divine assistance." That is, in brief, if the truth lies preserved in the Church at large, and the Pope has to seek it there before he can declare it, it is the Church which gets the "assistance" and is infallible, and not the Pope.

We may freely grant to Lord Halifax that the second of his alternatives is the better. It is, too, the only one that we have met with in modern Roman or any other Catholic theologians. If our critic will refer to the Bull *Ineffabilis*, in which the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined, he will see the exact process of interrogating the Episcopate and the Church at large as to the truth lying preserved in them, which was followed then and is followed invariably when a doctrinal pronouncement of greater moment is being prepared. As, too, he thinks that in an Œcumenical Council, "the Bishops as co-definers only add a certain pomp and solemnity to the Papal definitions," we would ask him to observe that the Bishops are convoked in Council precisely *ad hoc* that they may testify to the doctrinal truth preserved in their own hearts and those of their people.

Does it, however, follow that the Pope becomes at best mediately infallible, the assistance being given directly not to him, but to the Church? By no means. We must not forget how revealed truth came to the Church at large—namely, by tradition. The Apostles in the first place delivered it to the "Church at large" of their day, and it has been taught by one generation to another ever since—Pope, Bishops, clergy, parents, writers and others, clerical and lay, in their respective departments, co-operating in the teaching work. As the teachers taught, so the hearers learnt, and what they learnt they retained, and by retaining made their minds to be a storehouse of sound doctrine. We may even acknowledge that the Church at large gets its share of "assistance" from the Holy Spirit, which however is for it an "assistance" towards correctly learning and retaining what is taught it. Of course this "assistance" does not prevent individuals or even nations from corrupting the faith taught, and even abandoning it altogether. What it does is to secure that the *Ecclesia discens* itself will never fall away into heresy, or separate itself from its spiritual rulers. We must acknowledge likewise that a special "assistance" is given to the Bishops, as distinguished from the Pope, an assistance to guard their teaching, as they belong to the *Ecclesia*

docens, an assistance which does not beget infallibility in any one individual or group, but retains them as a body in their orthodoxy, and in their union with the Apostolic See.

Is then the "assistance" accorded to the Pope, accorded to him not immediately and directly, but mediately, and by derivation from that accorded to Bishops and people? No, it comes to him immediately and directly, but since it is an "assistance" to secure him in his office of guarding the traditions of the Church, it necessarily brings him into relation with the assistance accorded to Bishops and people, inasmuch as it is his duty to seek this tradition of pure doctrine which he is to guard, in the storehouse where it is to be found, and that is not in his own mind only, but in those of Bishops and people, and in every age. He has recourse therefore, as we have said, to the text of Holy Scripture, the Decrees of past Popes and Councils, the writings of Fathers and theologians, the testimony of Bishops and others, to the faith of their people, and to other similar means, besides applying, with the aid of theologians and other experts called in, the tests of inference and comparison wherever they seem needful. The "assistance" which comes to him directly will guard him, at least when he speaks *ex cathedra*, from any failure to arrive at the truth through the use of these means.

We cannot conclude this notice without an expression of surprise at the insight which Lord Halifax's article gives into his own doctrinal position. He is the lay-leader of the most extreme section of the High Church party, but what will his followers say to such a passage as the following?

The object of such assemblies [as Œcumenical Councils], as history testifies, was the preservation of the threatened unity of Christendom. The Council was a desperate and final remedy—a last resort when every other natural and fallible means had been tried and failed. . . . Short of such critical extremities, questions were threshed out by means of those faculties which God gave men to be used, assisted no doubt by the intervention of ordinary and fallible teaching-authority; nor was it imagined for a moment that infallible and divinely assisted guidance could be secured for all the petty details of local and occasional controversy, which God had left to the disputation of men. . . .

And, indeed, it may be asked, Is it so very desirable as it seems at first blush that the Church should be infallibly assisted in every daily detail of her teaching? Is it not part of God's general method to let us form and make ourselves through struggling and suffering, to reach light through darkness, rest through labour, the crown through the

Cross? He helps us no doubt in all necessary matters when we cannot help ourselves. But is it always wise or kind to help men when they *can* help themselves, or where the conflict is more profitable than victory? And so of the Church collectively, is it not more for her dignity, her profit, her merit, that she should be left alone, save in cases of extreme need; that infallible guidance should be a last remedy for desperate cases, not a weakening luxury for hourly use? When we subtract the claims of impertinent theological curiosity, for which Christ never intended to provide; when we bring the matter to the great test of "eternal life," can it be said that outside the substantial teachings and instructions of Christ there are many matters about which infallible certainty is in any sense a spiritual necessity?

In estimating the significance of this passage we must be careful to discount its exaggerations in describing the actual usage of the Catholic Church. The recorded exercises of Papal Infallibility—say, during the nineteenth century—are not so numerous as to merit the term "daily," nor are the matters with which they have been concerned such as a Catholic would consider "petty." But the important question for which we quote the passage is what kind of subject-matter Lord Halifax considers to be sufficiently important, and what kind of occasion sufficiently critical, to justify the recourse to whatever office of infallibility the Church may believe herself to possess. It appears that the subject-matter must lie within "the substantial teachings and instructions of Christ"—a very vague phrase indeed, and one which on the lips of most Anglicans would include very little—and that the suitable occasion is not reached until the strife of private judgments has all but forced on a schism. What will the members of the E.C.U. say to this, we wonder? The feeling of most Catholics, at all events, will be that if infallibility was not intended to have a much wider scope than this, it might have been dispensed with altogether. The lesson taught us by Lord Halifax's own communion is that when men are left alone to meditate on the truths of revelation they do not "form and make themselves through struggling and suffering, reaching light through darkness," but as time goes on widen the breach of dissentience among themselves, discarding one doctrine after another from the symbols of their common union. Nor is it likely that the result would be otherwise in our Church, if resort to infallible decisions were to go into abeyance as Lord Halifax recommends. In the course of a century or so we

should be as much at sixes and sevens as the Protestants. And is it not a grotesque idea, not to say dishonouring to our Lord, to suppose that when He gave His solemn assurance of a perpetual "assistance," what He contemplated was that periods of inaction during which He would allow the Church to decline from purity and unity of doctrine right down to the verge of the precipice of schism, should alternate with short moments of Divine interposition to draw her back again. That surely would be a strange version of the proverb, that "man's extremities are God's opportunities."

S. F. S.

One Woman's Work.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

BALDUR had tried to bear his trouble on the spot where the blow had been struck, and had failed, as such a one as he was bound to fail. In now escaping from the scene he was but obeying the instinct implanted in all sentient animals, who find pain more easily borne in movement than in quietude; though there is a higher kind of endurance—that “suffering and being still” inculcated in Holy Writ. Well was it therefore for him that he had means and leisure to go away and seek recovery in a fresh atmosphere, and, by passing swiftly from place to place and from experience to experience, try to leave his trouble behind him, as a yapping cur is left behind by the express train which it thinks to annoy by its assault.

Solitude he must have, and to find that in any combination which would satisfy him he knew that he would have to travel far. Thus when, with the light gone out of his life, he turned his back on his home that night, being sped on his way by a parting growl from his father and a tearful though heroic farewell from his mother, he went forth with the fixed purpose of leaving England behind him. Beyond that he was planless. But, as he whirled through space and rushed past the moonlit fields and woods, a spirit of recklessness, hitherto unknown to him, took possession of him.

Bitter as had been his heart, and much as his nature had resented the blight which had come over it, as long as he had been in the neighbourhood of Joan and breathed the same air as her, he had nerved himself to self-respect and self-restraint. But now that he had left her, perhaps for ever, while trying to cast away all thought of her or desire to possess her, he cast away a good deal more besides, and felt at the mercy of every most relentless foe that can attack the nobler side of human nature.

The will to live nobly in spite of disaster, which had kept him up during the last week and in which the poor fellow had found food for a sort of self-congratulation which was his only comfort, now left him. In a fit of profound dejection, from which he felt powerless even to wish to be free, he asked himself bitterly what was the good of it all. The high aspirations which had raised his life above that of so many of his fellows seemed to crumble under the touch of the blow he had received, and he found himself wondering why he had ever striven—even painfully—to rise above the dust to which our poor nature so fondly clings.

A feeling of resentment against that nameless something outside his life which was not himself—a resentment akin to that which makes a spoilt child go to bed hungry rather than eat a supper not to its fancy—made him now almost resolve to let his nature follow its bent, even if he ended in sharing husks with swine. Why strive after impossible standards if they failed to bring any reward?

For weeks did Baldur linger on in London, while those who cared for him thought he was far on his way towards wild, untrodden haunts. He had no object in postponing his journey; but sheer pusillanimity held him back from making the strike for freedom which was involved in his intention to travel. Still that plan was present to him, and well for him was it that something—perhaps mere human respect, perhaps the unknown prompting of his guardian angel—prevented him from giving it up altogether, to linger on indefinitely in Babylon, where his nerveless want of effort, his resentful courting of evil, might have led him into depths which would have clouded his life for ever.

Joan had once expressed a wish that Baldur might grovel in the dust, but her wildest desires for his salvation had never taken the form of a wish that he might grovel in the mud. She did not know how near he was now to doing it. However, grovelling in the mud was not congenial to Baldur's nature, and he loathed the very sight of the husks which he was endeavouring to experiment on. After a few weeks of pusillanimity and toying with evil, his nobler nature reasserted itself, and, with a profound contempt for himself which almost amounted to humility, he shook himself free, and, looking as if he had but barely recovered from a severe illness, he wended his way to a certain mail-steamship company and took his passage to a

South American port. Thus he returned to his original impulse to leave England and stamp out his trouble in some part of the globe hitherto untrodden by him. No one at home knew where he was; for it was part of his bargain with his loving little mother that the first thing she should know of his whereabouts would be from a letter written by himself after arrival at his point of destination.

Though he had still sufficiently lost his manhood to hope that the ship might founder on the way, he arrived after a rapid and luxurious passage, but with no intention of stopping in any civilized place. Without delay, without even the curiosity to look around him, he sped as far west as steam would take him; and then with rifle and knapsack, accompanied by two Gaucho hunter-guides, he plunged into tropical forests, west, west towards the Andes—and there let us leave him.

When Baldur fled, to bear his trouble in the only way he felt possible, he did not at all realize the weight of the burden he left for Joan to bear. If, indeed, he had been asked, he might have indignantly denied that she who had dealt him such a cruel blow had any right whatever to suffer, seeing that she could have avoided its cause had she chosen. And no doubt her suffering was less than his, in that it was the result of deliberate choice, and the acceptance of a lesser evil in preference to a greater. None the less she suffered acutely, as might a man while his leg was being amputated, even though he had not hesitated when told by the surgeon to choose between loss of life and loss of limb. She was possessed of sufficient common-sense to look at her present pain in this light.

One element, however, there was in her suffering which was absent from Baldur's, namely, perplexity. As is often the case when the excitement of a sacrifice to principle is over, and a nervous reaction sets in, doubts arose in her mind as to whether she had been right to make any such sacrifice at all; for the strength of her convictions seemed to wane all of a sudden in the most unaccountable manner. The poor girl sat motionless and miserable on the gnarled root whence she had seen Baldur disappear from her life. She heard, without listening to the rippling water, she stared at, without seeing the sun sparkling on it, or the cloud of life-loving flies buzzing on its surface; and all the while she beheld the future as in a nightmare. She saw the hopeless dreariness of her own life, with its shadows

intensified by the beautiful brightness of the last few weeks; and, worse still, she beheld Baldur, with a keenness of mental vision which, as we have seen, was almost prophetic, driven away by her own opinionativeness, with his life marred, and plunged by disappointment into every imaginable and unimaginable quagmire—and all for what?

His loneliness and hers gave birth to a sort of panic, such as we might imagine might seize an apostate placed on the rack for his faith. All high principles or motive for sacrifice left her, and for one brief minute she could—had he been still in sight—have screamed to Baldur to return, and hear from her lips that all she had said and done was a dream, a delusion, a blunder. Soon, however, something greater than mere depression took possession of her. Glancing at her watch she was surprised to see that not half an hour had elapsed since her parting with Baldur; and, rising to her feet, she lifted up her head, and returned home to face her life as best she could.

CHAPTER II.

IT was Joan's vain hope that she might be able to conceal from everybody that anything had taken place between her and Baldur. She had always found pain—from tooth-ache upward—bearable provided she were allowed to keep still and pretend that nothing was the matter; and she knew that if she might do this now she would be able to lift up her head and breast her life. But her courage sank under the prospect of blame, pity, or any other kind of comment.

For one day she was allowed her wish; and during that day she fought her fight in her own way, and to a certain extent won her victory. It is true she suffered—a good deal for herself, and much more for Baldur—and having for a time lost her sense of perspective she assumed that all joy in life was over for her. But she regained courage, and could face life as a duty if not a joy; and that she could do this much was a grand gain and nerved her for the coming storm.

She might have known that any hope of being left to bear her burden in silence was chimerical in such a little world as Brookethorpe. For one day she lived under the delusion, and then the storm burst. Nobody quite knew how the rumour

spread, but, as a fact, in less than twenty-four hours after Baldur and Joan had parted, the whole family, from Mrs. Venn to Magdalen, knew that he had asked her to be his wife and that, she having refused him, he had left home by the night train. Moreover, one and all had arrived at a very correct conclusion as to Joan's reasons for refusing him.

Various apocryphal additions were made to the story by the several members of the family, but in the main the facts were true. No exaggeration was required to enhance the interest it caused, nor to make Mrs. Venn more furiously angry. That Joan should have ever been considered as a possible wife for Baldur had made her angry enough, as has been already seen; but that the girl should have dared to insult him by refusing him was past all bearing. No doubt she would have resented it, and expressed her resentment by word and deed, had Joan accepted him, but the aggrieved resentment she would have felt in that case could not be named in the same breath as the genuine fury which she felt now. Needless to say, the real cause of her rage, which was intense enough to make her lose all such self-control as mere decency and good manners might have suggested, was the assumed fact that Joan's refusal had been made on the score of religion.

Ever since her daughters had arrived at the age of reason, the one notion which Mrs. Venn had crushed under her heel and openly derided as a fad, was that difference of religion could in any way affect the question of matrimony. The sensation caused in the family by Edith's Protestant marriage had, it is true, convinced her that under certain circumstances there might be serious objections raised to alliances, whatever favour they met with from herself; but, supposing certain arrangements, neglected in the case of Edith, to be made, why, even her husband, for all his old-fashioned ideas, had never dared assert that it would be wrong for any son or daughter of his to marry a Protestant. His own example would belie any such assertion; and he knew as well as she did that unless their parents wished to enforce a single life on them, they must marry Protestants.

But here—so her soliloquy continued—here was this girl Joan, this intruder into the family circle, this penniless child of a runaway match, reducing to powder in one moment what had hitherto been accepted as a rudimentary principle. Marriage was a necessity for girls in a certain position in life, and as no

Catholic husbands were to be had, they must put up with non-Catholics ; such was the self-evident axiom on which she had brought up her daughters. Mrs. Venn knew enough of life to be aware what scruples this action of Joan's was likely to breed in her cousins ; and the fact that the man whom she had rejected was one whom they all loved as a brother would bring home to them the full force of what she had done, and cause irreparable mischief. As for what effect it would have on her husband, and the way it was sure to increase his pig-headedness in the event of any future family marriage, she scarcely dared to contemplate it. It was intolerable !

All these thoughts passed through Mrs. Venn's mind, not consecutively nor collectedly, but like a blast of fierce wind which kindled within her an uncontrolled and uncontrollable flame of fury. At last she pulled the bell with such violence that every servant in the house ran to the stairs, expecting to find the house on fire ; and when a frightened footman appeared she sent word to demand Joan's immediate presence in her sitting-room.

Joan had been expecting some such summons, and it was with vague misgivings and smothered indignation that she obeyed it, steeling herself as she walked slowly downstairs for what must at any rate be a very unpleasant interview. Her aunt had often been most disagreeable to her, and had made her wince by her cutting remarks ; and she almost doubted the sufficiency of her own fortitude to face the ordeal before her now.

When she turned the handle and entered her aunt's boudoir she was startled to see what a real rage the stately woman was in. Her face was the colour of a pæony, and her eyes glittered with a fierce, tigerish look. She was pacing hastily up and down the room, having while thus doing unwittingly thrown over a small table and swept its contents on to the floor, where they lay, utterly disregarded, together with the fragments of a beautiful Venetian flower-glass, in the water upset from which the most costly articles were soaking unhindered. When, however, she heard the click of the door-handle and beheld her niece, she turned fiercely towards her—so fiercely that the girl shrank back as she might have done from an infuriated animal.

"How dare you come near me !" cried Mrs. Venn, disregarding the fact that she had herself summoned her niece. "How dare you, after what you have done !"

It was with almost a feeling of relief that Joan heard these words. At least, everything was known and no explanation was required of her.

"Why don't you answer me?" continued the angry woman, her voice rising to almost a shriek.

"Are you referring to what has passed between Mr. Roy and me—to my having refused to marry him?" said Joan, with quiet dignity, though she could hear her own voice trembling.

"To what else could I refer, pray? Oh, you wretched—wretched, penniless French girl, what cruel fate ever brought you here to upset everything and everybody!"

Joan's heart beat fast, and it was only by a violent effort that she held her tongue. She knew that if she spoke at all she would say things she would for ever after regret having said to her uncle's wife. She too had a hot temper, and it would be hard to express how angry she felt at being addressed in such a way.

"Why don't you speak, girl?" again cried her aunt, exasperated by her silence. "Do you think I sent for you here to insult me?"

"I think, Aunt Ella," replied Joan, firmly, "that I had better go now, and talk about this another time, when we are both less angry."

"I order you to stay," replied Mrs. Venn, stamping her foot and grinding the broken glass beneath it. "Speak, and explain your conduct, I command you."

"I should have thought," said Joan, framing her words with difficulty, "that whatever passed between Baldur Roy and me could not possibly concern any one but our two selves."

"Your two selves? You dare mention yourself in the same breath with him, the noblest and best of men. You—a girl like you—the child of parents such as yours. Bah!"

"Aunt Ella, I cannot and I will not stay here to be insulted. I will go to my room, and you can send for me when you feel better able to tell me what you mean."

Joan had lost her temper now, and with eyes glittering with a light nearly as fierce as that in Mrs. Venn's, walked towards the door; but her aunt, seizing her arm, swung her powerfully back into the middle of the room.

"Insult you? As if I could," she cried—"you, a mere charity girl, brought here against my will! Oh, I cannot live under the same roof with you any longer: either you or I must go." As she spoke she began again to pace up and down the

room, unconsciously tearing a valuable lace pocket-handkerchief to pieces.

Joan had mastered herself and held her ground; for the sight of her aunt's rage calmed her own. As she remembered what she could not but call the tragedy of the last few days, the childish anger she had but just now felt seemed unworthy as well as wrong.

"And for religion, too!" continued Mrs. Venn, her fury once more breaking out into words. "Religion! conscience! Oh, heavens, you to talk of conscience, you who creep into other people's houses and sow discord where peace reigned before you came; you who set children against their parents and poison the innocent happiness of their trust in them. Is that religion? Is that conscience? But never mind; thank God, I know my duty, even if you with your perverted sense do not. I shall not allow you to pollute the air of this house any longer, or corrupt the consciences of my children. Go now, ungrateful girl; I am not calm enough to speak any more. Go to your room, and do not stir from it until I send for you again. In a little while I shall have more possession over myself. The sight of you maddens me now. Go, and if you dare speak one word to my daughters before I have spoken to you again, I will turn you out of the house into the road, even if all the world knows it — Well, why are you not gone?" and as she spoke she turned away to choke back the angry tears which rushed to her eyes. Her first rage had cooled sufficiently to let her see that she was making an undignified spectacle of herself.

Joan turned and went. She was no longer sensibly angry, but it is not surprising that she should be resolved to live under her aunt's roof not one day longer than she could help. As, however, with cheeks aflame, she walked blindly along the dark passage which led to the staircase, she ran against her uncle, who had been standing outside his room listening nervously to his wife's strident tones, neither overhearing, nor caring to overhear her actual words.

Laying a chill and trembling hand on his niece's arm, he almost dragged her into his own study. When inside, he turned and kissed her tremulously and tenderly. It was the first kiss he had bestowed on her since the morning of her arrival at Eaton Place.

"Jenny, Jenny," he said, addressing her as he sometimes

did by the name by which he had first known her through the medium of her mother's letters, "you must not leave me." And as he spoke he scarcely tried to conceal the tears which trickled from his pale blue eyes.

"I must, I must, Uncle Austen," replied Joan; "I cannot go on living here after what has happened. It would not be right towards Aunt Ella or you; and—oh, I cannot stay after what Aunt Ella said to me." Her wrath revived at the recollection; but through and above her wrath, her heart bounded with elation at the thought of change and new scenes. She had not till now realized how much she had been, during the last twenty-four hours, dreading a continued life at Brooke-thorpe without her friend.

"If you leave me, Jenny, I shall die," her uncle pleaded, plaintively.

"No, no, Uncle Austen, you won't," she returned, with a short laugh. "It would be better for you. I should only sow discord between you and Aunt Ella."

"No, my child," he said quietly; "I cannot face my lonely life without you, now that I know what it is to have you."

"But you see so little of me," replied Joan, with some astonishment.

"That is my fault and my folly," he continued, in the same quiet tone. "Nevertheless you have changed my life. I know that I am no longer alone, and that I shall not be left to die alone. If you go, I cannot face my life as it was before you came."

The girl was silent, and after a pause Mr. Venn went on: "By your love for me, Jenny, by the love you had for your mother, I ask you to promise to stay. I know she would wish it, for she always cared for me more than for herself. I sometimes think that in some way we cannot understand she sent you to me, and were she here would bid you stay."

"But, Uncle Austen," said Joan, with hesitation, "would it be right for me to stay and be, as I must be, a cause of disagreement between you and Aunt Ella?"

"My dear," he replied, with a twinkle in his tearful eyes, "there would be disagreements just the same if you went away. I only ask you, Jenny, to say that you will not go."

As he thus pleaded tearfully, it seemed to Joan as if it were her obvious duty to stand by her lonely uncle, who, after all, had at least as much right to bid her stay as his wife had to

bid her go. But still she hesitated. Brave as she was, she was human, and wondered whether she had the courage to endure life at Brookethorpe as it must be if she defied her aunt's wishes.

"If you only knew, Uncle Austen," she at last replied, a little passionately, "how terrible it would be for me to stay here, and how dearly I should love to go right away and earn my own living, I care not how, you would never ask me to do such a hard thing."

"I know, I know; but do not leave me, Jenny," was all he replied.

While he yet spoke there crept across Joan's mind the thought that, however valiant it might be of her to face life alone and earn a living among rough experiences, it would be much more valiant to remain at her post. How much more valiant would it be to face humiliation and brave the scorn of her aunt and cousins by remaining their unwelcome guest, for the sake of the down-trodden uncle who had been so kind to her and who was her mother's brother. Yes, it would be more valiant before God, though very mean-spirited in the eyes of the world.

"Don't be afraid, Uncle Austen," she said, with a sigh, after an anxious pause. "Unless you change your mind and ask me to go, I will stay with you."

"Thank God," began Mr. Venn, but further words were checked on his lips by the sound of a long-drawn sigh; and as he and Joan turned round abruptly they saw little Magdalen, who had been all the while sitting unperceived in her favourite nook.

"Yes, Joan," she said, quite unconscious that her father and cousin had been unaware of her presence, "you must stay. Poor papa, what would he do without you. I wish I could help him more. Perhaps I shall when I am a little older."

"My little Magdalen," exclaimed her father, pressing her to him with unusual fervour, so that the child was startled by his action, which she did not quite approve of, for it was unlike her father as she knew him. "You are the little joy of my heart, and I could not live without you. It is for you as much as for me that I cannot let Joan go away."

"And Swithin wants her too," said the child, wisely.

"Yes, Swithin too, God bless him."

"And Freda?" questioned the little girl. "I'm not quite sure that Freda don't want her also."

Joan smiled at the child's quaint, loving words. Her heart warmed within her, and she wondered how she could have listened so readily to the dictates of pride and injured feelings. She felt happy now—happier, strange to say, than she had felt since first she had refused to be Baldur's wife. Before her brief, intoxicating friendship with him she had found her joy in life in doing her duty, and now she discovered that this source of joy had not failed her in her hour of need.

"Well, now I must run away," she said, in quite a cheerful and natural voice. "I must go to my room, where Aunt Ella bade me stay till she sent for me."

"I did not know big people were sent to their rooms like naughty children," said Magdalen, gravely.

Joan kissed her, and ran upstairs with a little laugh of real amusement.

CHAPTER III.

THE hours seemed interminable to Joan before the expected summons to her aunt's presence came. Possibly it took some time for Mrs. Venn to calm herself, but it was more probable that she wished to make her niece feel her power. It was thus that Joan interpreted the delay, and when, at the family's luncheon hour, Mrs. Venn's lady's-maid came in with a sufficient but frugal meal on a tray, and placed it before her without a word, the girl, smiling to herself, read in the action a pointing of the moral.

At length, however, the summons did come, by the medium of the same lady's-maid, and Joan went downstairs, disposed to show a bold front. She felt she had plenty of just cause for indignation, and was inspired with natural courage by the way that her rejection of Baldur was made by her aunt into a personal injury to herself—just as if it had anything whatever to do with her. Joan had not yet realized that beyond the excusable indignation that a girl she disliked should have rejected one whom she really and tenderly loved, the offence which excited Mrs. Venn's ire was the aggressiveness of Joan's Catholicism.

She had expected another disagreeable private interview with

her aunt, so was really amazed to find the whole family assembled in the drawing-room. It was evident that in some way or other she was to be made a public example of, and her courage rose accordingly.

Freda sat by her mother's side, her face disfigured by downright, honest crying; Maud, on the other side of Mrs. Venn, looked passive, pretty and patient, though her heart was not unmoved. Bertha alone looked triumphant and a little pleased in her expectation. It was not that she bore her cousin any ill-will, but all excitement and fuss were pleasurable to this girl; and she had been made to wince under Joan's undisguised though not unkind contempt sufficiently to be glad to see her pulled down from the pedestal on which the elder sisters had placed her. In the background sat Mr. Venn, wearing his most distressed look, while nestling up to him sat Magdalen, holding on tightly to his hand.

Mrs. Venn had mastered her rage, though a dangerous glitter in her eye and her heightened colour showed that the victory was but recent. However, Joan perceived at once that there was no fear of another violent scene, and that the following proceedings were to be conducted with severe and judicial solemnity.

Mrs. Venn was, in a sense, accustomed to public speaking, and had a fluency of tongue which showed itself on all those occasions when she took it on herself to rebuke others. She had never gone in for real public speaking, being too rigidly conservative in her social views; but she held a high position in her own circle, and was president, both in town and country, of various propagandist societies of a religious tendency. Joan had heard her hold forth really eloquently at a meeting for the training to domestic service of Syrian girls in London, and when she rose to her feet as her niece entered the room there was such a decided flavour of platform and green baize about the whole proceeding that Joan had difficulty in repressing a smile, and almost forgot that it was on her account that this strange, unnatural meeting had been organized.

"Sit down, Joanna," Mrs. Venn said, in her most stately tones, showing by the name by which she addressed her niece how very solemnly and seriously the whole proceeding was to be regarded. Joan having complied with her demand, the lady proceeded, in carefully chosen language, to deliver an address evidently prepared beforehand.

"A few hours ago," she said, "I was unable, in the warmth of my feelings, to express adequately the indignation with which I have regarded your recent conduct. The extreme forwardness of your behaviour during the past two months could only have been excused and explained—as I tried to excuse and explain it to myself—by a deep, and I will admit, natural attachment to Baldur Roy, expressed though it was in a forward and underbred manner."

Joan noticed, with a softening of her heart towards her disagreeable aunt, that as she mentioned Baldur's name her voice quavered, and the harshness of her tones was mellowed.

"This," continued Mrs. Venn, thumping the table emphatically, "proved not to be the case; and that being so, I can only stigmatize your whole conduct as shameless and to the last degree unwomanly. However, this behaviour of yours is but the climax, the confirmation of what has been my unwavering opinion of you since the first day I set eyes on you. I do not entirely blame you. Your education has been unfortunate, and I ought to have impressed on your uncle, even more forcibly than I did, that the introduction of a girl with your Bohemian antecedents into the bosom of a well-bred English family could only lead to pernicious consequences."

Angry words at this slur on her parents rushed to Joan's lips, but Mr. Venn's tearful look of appeal drove them back, and she maintained a dignified silence which, added to an undisguised sob from Freda, piled fuel on Mrs. Venn's wrath, and made her lose her self-possession.

"In no way," she continued, with an angry stamp of her foot, "in no way can I consider you a fit companion for my daughters. What your education may have been, and to what evil influences you may have been exposed, I, happily for me, know not. But, if half of what we read about foreign convents be true, the evil results of some years' residence inside one of them would be but a foregone conclusion. I know not whether such be the cause; all I do know is that the effects of your training are such as to leave you with a want of upright principle, and a want of sincerity altogether, which must, if allowed to continue, have a fatal effect on girls carefully brought up like my daughters. In my folly I have allowed you to consort freely with them, having a misplaced confidence that there would be enough honour in the composition of my husband's sister's child to make her refrain from sowing discord

in my family, and setting my daughters against every principle instilled into them by their mother."

As her aunt waxed more and more eloquent, Joan's sense of humour was quickened, and she saw, as in a picture, Mrs. Venn addressing some ladies' committee. In fact for a few moments she forgot that she herself was being admonished. When, however, a pause in her aunt's speech recalled her to her senses, she felt she was bound to say something.

"I think, Aunt Ella," she said, quietly, "that I have a right to ask for something definite in your accusations. I cannot see what all these charges have to do with the subject of our conversation this morning."

"Really?" replied her aunt, with withering scorn. "Do you deny that you have sown discord in the family? What greater proof can you ask for than this?" and so saying, she extended her arm towards Freda, whose swollen features and red eyes no one could fail to see. "Look at my daughter, who ought to be as my second self, turning against me and disgracing herself. And look at that child," now pointing to Magdalen, "a mere child, who should not, as any one's sense of justice ought to point out, be set against her mother—and picture her defying me to my face as she did before you came into the room. Is not that sowing discord, I should like to know?"

Mrs. Venn folded her arms in silence, watching the effect of her words, and then she resumed her discourse.

"And this is how you repay me, ungrateful girl, taken from a life of beggary and servile dependence by the generosity of your uncle and myself. No jesuitical evasions or casuistry can gloss over your conduct. No," she continued, with a negative which she habitually used when she was reaching a climax, "No, it is not to be borne with any longer. My sense of duty as a mother forbids it. This roof must not shelter you any longer. I do not wish to visit my displeasure too severely on you, though it would be but common justice were you cast back into the state of dependence and penury in which your parents left you. But I am ready, or I should say your uncle and I are ready, to make you a sufficient provision; and I know that among your co-religionists there are nunneries where you can be received and afforded a sheltered home and the protection your age demands. The very grief which your cousins show at the idea of parting from you makes me see the prompt necessity of such a step. So make what arrangements you have to make

as speedily as possible. It is the only reparation in your power."

In her indignation Joan forgot the ludicrousness of the charges brought against her, and the absurdity of connecting them in any way with her rejection of Baldur, which was her ostensible crime. It required a tremendous effort on her part to master the impulse to turn her back on her aunt and say she would leave the house that very day. It was only when she again caught Mr. Venn's tearful glance of appeal that she regained sufficient command over herself to say the words which she had come into the room prepared to say.

"I came here by my uncle's invitation," she said, quietly. "If he wishes me to go, I will go at once, but not otherwise."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Venn, aghast, turning crimson. "This is more than any woman can stand. Augustine! Mr. Venn! command this girl to accede to my wishes. Speak, I desire it."

Never had the veins in the poor man's temples throbbed more painfully than now. He gave two tortured gasps, and then said, "I do not want Jenny to leave me if she will consent to stay."

"Are you in league against me?" cried Mrs. Venn, stamping her foot. "Really, this is past all bearing! Am I not to have a word to say in my own house and about the welfare of my own children? Do you mean to tell me, you Joanna Loraine, that in spite of all I have said to prove that your presence is hateful to me and your cousins, and after my generous offer to make a provision for you—which, mind you, I am in no way called on to make—you can bring yourself to insist on remaining here?"

"At my uncle's pleasure," persisted Joan, unmoved, though her colour mounted. She would not have been human had she not felt a momentary malicious pleasure at the turn affairs had taken.

"I am a mere cipher in my own house, am I?" resumed Mrs. Venn. "You shall see. But oh, that I should be thus degraded in my own house and before my own children!" The colour rose furiously to Mrs. Venn's face, but she mastered her passion in a wonderful way, and, after walking hastily up and down the room for a few moments, she proceeded with a calmness which was worthy of admiration.

"So be it," she said, with real dignity. "Remain, ungrateful girl, if you and your uncle are determined to make my life unbearable. Remain, but one thing I insist on, and remember

on this I have a right to insist. I will no longer treat you with that confidence which I foolishly entertained before. I can no longer allow you, unhindered, to be my daughters' companion, with full liberty to poison their minds against me. It is my desire, my command—and I am compelled to use the word—that you hold no private intercourse whatever with my daughters, that you never converse alone with any one of them; and that whatever passes between you should be on the most general subjects. I trust to the loyalty and obedience of my own children to see that my injunctions are observed, and I trust to whatever remnant of unperverted conscience you may yourself possess to make you obey them yourself. One thing more. If you remain here against my wishes, as you elect to do, you must accept my authority. I can no longer put up with having a young woman under my roof, for whom I am therefore responsible, acting entirely independent of me. On this understanding, and on this alone, I allow you to remain. Now go. Bertha," she added, turning instinctively to the daughter on whose willing co-operation she could most surely rely, "open the door, and allow your cousin to leave the room. In two hours we shall meet for dinner."

Before Joan could pass through the door which Bertha held open with a pert and malicious air, Freda ran forward, and throwing her arms round her cousin's neck, burst into tears.

"Oh, Joan," she cried, "I am so unhappy I don't know what to do. I must obey mama, as you would be the first to say, but you must never, never think that I give up loving you."

"Freda," began her mother, in her most imposing tones; but before she had time to say more, Joan had returned Freda's kiss lovingly, and had vanished from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

THUS began the long, dreary autumn and winter months, the depression of which on Joan's spirits could scarcely be described. It was indeed enough to sap the valour out of any human being, and had it not been for a few redeeming circumstances which shed a sort of light over the general dreariness of her life, Joan might have suffered much in health and happiness.

Under the most favourable circumstances the blow she had endured by the shattering of her engrossing friendship with

Baldur would have been difficult to meet with healthy cheerfulness ; and a congenial atmosphere was almost necessary to enable her to decide whether she had been justified in making possible shipwreck of two lives. Now, however, at the moment that she wanted it most, she was deprived of all love and sympathy, and exposed to chilling humiliations and half-insults at every turn of her life ; and it is not surprising that she was scarcely able to contemplate her rejection of human happiness from an unbiassed point of view. Her courage sank, and it was all that her sense of compassion and duty towards her uncle could do to keep her from leaving his house, and seeking her fortune in the outer world.

If Mrs. Venn's object was to reduce Joan to a state of subjection, and render her harmless by depressing her spirits, she certainly went the right way to work. Probably, however, she had no such ulterior motive in view, and when she laid down the conditions on which she permitted Joan to remain in her house, her only object was to make them as disagreeable as possible. Nor were the conditions intended to remain a dead letter, and, still under the influence of temper, Mrs. Venn took good care that they should lose none of their sting in the process of being carried out. Hers was the petty mind of a spoilt child. So accustomed had she been all her life to have her own way, that if she were, as was most rarely the case, successfully thwarted, her vexation was apt to vent itself in puerile and undignified ways, and make her regardless of any mischief which might ensue.

A glaring instance of this had been her systematic neglect of Swithin all through his young life, in which, until she grew to dislike him for himself and writhe under his uncouth ways and stolid resistance of her will, she had been actuated solely by her vexation at being thwarted in the matter of his education. Her blindness, and entire indifference to the bad effects which her marked aversion was likely to have on her son's character, proved how reckless of consequences she could be when injury to her own pride had to be avenged.

But never had she been defied as she was now by Joan : it was altogether a new experience. Angry as she had felt at the fact and motives of the girl's refusal of Baldur, even then she had been able to see a bright side to the injury ; for the offence gave her a good opportunity to rid herself of this niece whose presence grew daily more hateful to her, and whose influence in the house she, from her point of view, most

justly dreaded. Nothing would have induced her to see how very unreasonable it was to make a crime of what had occurred, or to perceive that all the hidden motives, true or false, which she might attribute to Joan could not justify the expulsion from the house of her husband's unprotected niece. Headstrong and self-opinionated, she was resolved to be rid of the girl, and justice or injustice were very secondary considerations.

Yet, after all, Joan had checkmated her, and had on the most reasonable grounds defied her power to send her away. Very well then, argued the mortified autocrat, if she stayed she should learn that the despised authority was no phantom; and the means she used to assert herself were truly galling to their object. Having issued the orders that Joan was not to speak in private to any of her cousins, she was not content to carry out her expressed intention of trusting to the honour and obedience of her children, but was ever on the watch to see that her orders were obeyed. Possibly she was disappointed at not being able to catch Joan out in a defiance of her commands.

Yes, once she did, or thought she did. One day, in the passage outside her sitting-room, she surprised little Magdalen, who—probably forgetting the extent and literal meaning of her mother's prohibition—was asking her cousin some trivial piece of advice about Swithin's dogs. Mrs. Venn, ever on the alert, and hearing the little girl's voice, opened the door and caught the two in the act of exchanging these few words. Breakfast was but just over, but she sent her little daughter straight to bed for the rest of the day, without uttering a word to Joan. The latter was cut to the quick by the undeserved punishment inflicted on her little cousin, as indeed her aunt intended she should be; but the child herself rejoiced in it with an exultant and supernatural spirit of martyrdom.

Freda's countenance grew gloomier each day as the separation from her cousin became an accomplished fact; and her smooth temper was at times ruffled as it had never been before. She was several times heard to speak sharply, even viciously, to her sister Bertha, who annoyed her by her eager readiness to carry out her mother's wishes. Again and again when the younger sister considered that the general conversation, which it had been impossible to forbid, threatened to leave the beaten track of the daily, exterior events of the day, she would promptly interfere with words to the effect that she was sure her mother would not approve of such talk. Then

it was that Freda let her feel the sharp edge of her tongue, which unfortunately added to the zest of the younger. Bertha did not dislike Joan, and did not really wish to be unkind; but hers was a nature which thrived on excitement, and she was elated by the novelty of the whole position, and, moreover, not a little puffed up by the confidence reposed in her by her mother to the exclusion of her elder sisters. Bertha Venn was a person with whom it would be easier to the end of her life to say and do ill-natured things rather than their contrary.

Joan was not, or anyhow thought she was not, dependent on sympathy and on interchange of confidence, and could have found many compensations for the exterior loneliness of her life. But she soon discovered that she was no longer to be allowed the freedom of her actions, for Mrs. Venn's desire to assert her power was very ingenious. The very first day after the stormy interview described in the last chapter, Joan was peremptorily forbidden by her aunt to leave the precincts of the park without a companion. If, Mrs. Venn declared, she elected to remain in her house and under her charge, she should behave like a decent young woman, and not give scandal to the whole neighbourhood by her independent ways. Who knew, she hinted, with covert insult which made the girl's blood rush to her face, who knew what scandal might occur next time if she chose one who was not a gentleman like Baldur on whom to practise her wiles.

Even after this, Joan's honour was not trusted, for Mrs. Venn condescended to have her movements watched by her servants. More than once, as she strolled along, book in hand, a footman was sent after her to inquire from his mistress where she was going. Indeed, the supervision exercised was so strict that it was the general opinion of the household that Joan had done something really disgraceful, and she was subjected to sneers and impertinences which were very galling.

There are masters and mistresses who seem to attract true and faithful friends to their service, while others seem to have an equal gift of gathering round them those in whom every ignoble and disagreeable quality is united. Such was the household at Brookethorpe, not one member of which had any affection for either Mr. or Mrs. Venn or any of their children. The changes were incessant, and the young members of the family had long given up in despair the impossible effort of remembering individually the fluctuating stream of

new faces which had been passing before their eyes ever since they could remember anything. In Mrs. Venn's opinion the social status of former employers, and even the personal appearance of the individual, were more important considerations in the selection of her household than moral excellence.

She was not, however, regardless of the religious opinions of her servants, for except in the case of her children's nurses and governesses, about whom she had made an unwilling promise, not one Catholic would she admit under her roof. The household at Brookethorpe being thus ill-chosen and ill-assorted, it is not surprising that some of its members were ill-conditioned enough to take real pleasure in the opportunity afforded them by their mistress of showering slights on the stranger girl, to wait upon whom—as they reminded each other—they had not been engaged.

By her uncle had Joan been constrained to remain in her present humiliating position, and on him was she thrown for all the sympathy and kindness she was likely to meet with at Brookethorpe. After a short period of more than usual reserve and nervousness—the reaction of his boldness in insisting on her remaining in his house—he expanded, and in the freshness of her isolation she threw herself into his company in a way she regretted afterwards. The society of her uncle included that of Magdalen as a matter of course. By tacit consent Joan was admitted as a third into the strange fraternity, and as tacitly she dropped into observing its rules. When in her uncle's study she used to sit, occupation in hand, as silent as little Magdalen or as Swithin's dogs, which were admitted there, though nowhere else in the house.

Joan was quite surprised how great a solace she found in the dumb companionship of her four friends, though by degrees the very fact of her presence wrought a change in the *coterie*. Speechless as was for the most part her intercourse with her uncle and little cousin, her rational companionship thawed Mr. Venn's reserve. Though what was within him remained for the most part unspoken, he expanded under the influence of her intelligent sympathy. There was a brightness in his countenance and a want of hesitation in his few remarks which were new to his niece, and which he sometimes carried with him beyond the walls of his own room.

However, this closer intercourse with her uncle and little cousin, soothing as it was to poor Joan, had its drawbacks, of

which none was more aware than herself. Her intimacy with Mr. Venn and his little satellite cut her off morally as well as actually from the others, and she knew that she was increasing the spirit of division and partizanship in the family, against which she had always waged war. She knew, moreover, without waiting to have it put into words, that Mrs. Venn particularly disliked her intimacy with her uncle.

Much as Mrs. Venn might domineer over her husband, she liked him. She refused to have any sympathy with the subjects in which he took an interest, nevertheless she smarted under the knowledge that he could get on without her. Though, moreover, she really looked down on him, and would not admit him to anything approaching to equality or real companionship, she was sensitively jealous of any one in whose society he seemed to take pleasure; and of course that it should be Joan's intimacy that he sought did not improve matters.

Many were the cutting remarks made which Joan had to affect not to understand, acutely as she felt them. She was conscious that, in supplying an element of pleasure to her uncle's life which his wife and daughters failed to supply, she really was wronging them, even though it was by Mrs. Venn's own act that the intimacy had been brought about. Often and often she tried to withdraw from her uncle's society, but as often Mr. Venn sought her out, and pathetically besought her aid on some matter where he had experienced its benefit, till she gave up in despair any attempt at acting providence, and allowed things to take their course.

Mrs. Venn, to do her justice, knew nothing of this, and attributed the growing content which her husband took in Joan's company to a deliberate design on her niece's part to annoy her. She hated being baffled, and the very thought of the contented and sympathetic trio behind the green cloth door which led into her husband's study was as gall and wormwood to her. She was powerless against her husband and niece, if they chose, as she supposed, to cabal against her; but authority over her own child she could and would exercise. So she took to scolding Magdalen for idling her time in her father's room, and even punished her for this strange crime; but she soon desisted, for even injured feelings could not prevent her from owning to herself that the offence was scarcely punishable. Soon, however, the friendship of the trio was to lead to further complications.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Father Mariana, S.J.

A RECENT discussion makes it not inopportune to say a word about this writer whose name is so often in the mouths of men, but whose works do not appear to be much in their hands. To judge from what they say, most of his critics would seem to suppose that he wrote of nothing but regicide, in his advocacy of which he did but give unusually forcible expression to the doctrine universally favoured by his brother Jesuits. As a matter of fact, he spoke of this topic in but one of his many works, and in but one chapter of that, and though we have no desire to extenuate the imprudence, to say the least, which characterized his treatment of it, there can be little doubt that it would never have attracted any attention but for a purely fortuitous circumstance. When, in 1610, Henry IV. of France was assassinated by Ravallac, the Parliament of Paris, which a few years previously had declared that monarch to be a public enemy, whom all were invited to slay, chose to find in Mariana's book the source and origin of the crime, and ordered it accordingly to be burned by the public executioner. From this epoch dates Mariana's evil fame as the classical advocate of king-killing. It will be sufficient to cite one most significant proof. When, in 1606, at the trial of Father Garnet, Sir Edward Coke set himself expressly to show that the destruction of Princes was a special doctrine of the Jesuits, he said no word of Mariana's teaching on the subject, of which he had evidently never heard.

But if others took no notice of it, it was not so with those whose mere mouthpiece Mariana is supposed to have been. The following particulars, with the authority for each statement, are supplied by Father Duhr in his *Jesuiten Fabeln*, and by Father Cahours in his *Des Jésuites par un Jésuite*.

In the very year of its publication, 1599, eleven years before the Paris Parliament took notice of it, the Jesuits of France denounced the book to their General, Aquaviva, who expressed his displeasure that the work should have appeared without

his knowledge, and at once gave orders for its correction. No uncorrected edition would have been seen, had not the Calvinist firm of Wechel, French Huguenots established at Frankfort and Mayence, brought out, as a speculative venture, editions in 1605 and 1611, which being curtailed and mutilated are of little authority. It is hardly necessary to add that the Jesuits, having nothing whatever to do with their production, could not give effect to the corrections commanded by Father Aquaviva.

It may be added that it is by no means clear that Mariana's work was *ever* reissued under Jesuit auspices; certainly not for many years.

It must also be observed that the *De Rege et Regis Institutione*, in which occurs the chapter which has given rise to all the trouble, is far from being Mariana's only, or even his most notable, work. His History of Spain, in particular, places him in the front rank of Spanish historians, while in the field of economics he was far ahead of his time, and in the words of M. Pascal Duprat (*Journal des Economistes*), "anticipated the masters of a science as yet non-existent."

It is sufficiently remarkable that his labours in this last field exposed the apologist of regicide to a charge of high treason, which had never threatened him on account of his political theories. In 1610, when seventy-three years old, he was arrested and thrown into prison, for having ventured to say that it is wrong to depreciate the currency, such a proceeding being injurious to the public credit, and usually prompted by private avarice.

One other work bearing his name must be mentioned. After his death, in 1624, there appeared in French, Latin, and Italian a treatise, said to have been found amongst his papers, in which the government of the Society was sharply criticized, and this has been ever since a favourite weapon in the anti-Jesuit armoury, in spite of the following obvious objections to its authenticity. It appeared, as has been said, after his death. It was at once denounced by the Jesuits as a fabrication, and they vainly demanded the production of the supposed Spanish original. Various passages in it directly contradict Mariana's teachings in his indubitable works. Nevertheless it is constantly cited as though unquestionably what it professes to be, and doubtless will continue to be cited by those in whose eyes its contents are its sufficient authentication.

The Babel of Minds.

Some years ago, the Asiatic Society of Japan published a Japanese official narrative, detailing the adventures of an Italian missionary, Padre Sidotti, who, coming to the country in 1709, was promptly reported as a "wild man," apprehended, and subjected to numerous examinations, being kept in custody till the year 1716. The narrative is most interesting, as presenting all the circumstances from the Japanese point of view; and nothing is more remarkable than to observe the totally different attitude of mind towards questions of prime importance, which, far more than difficulties of language, prevented the Christian and his judges from understanding one another.

To begin with, the season being winter and the cold severe, an offer was made to Father Sidotti of warmer clothing than he had brought with him. This, however, he declined with thanks, saying that he had need of nothing but some rice for his sustenance. Presently, he represented that it was a cause of distress to him to find that his guards were compelled to remain awake all night watching him, and he therefore suggested that he should be put in irons so that they might sleep; pointing out, moreover, that having come of his own free-will to preach his religion, he had not the slightest wish to run away, and that were he to make such an attempt he must at once be caught again, as he was "not like the men of the country." This proposition seems to have utterly bewildered the officials, who were some time before they could take it in. Did he really mean, they inquired, to decline the offered garments, and to advise that he should be fettered in order that the soldiers might be able to sleep? On being assured that it was so, the Commissioners "thought it very frightful." He had, they declared, now forfeited all claim to their good opinion, which, however, he appears to have partly regained by consenting to accept the clothes, whilst the guards were tacitly left to their fate.

In the lengthy interlocutions which followed, the missionary evidently filled the Japanese with admiration for his mathematical, geographical, and scientific knowledge, though it is not very easy to gather what precisely were the demonstrations he gave of his abilities. There was, however, no doubt as to their sufficiency; "in astronomy and geography, the Nipponese," it is said, "could not come near him at all."

But all this time he himself was eager to get to the topic for the sake of which he had braved and endured so much, and at last he found an opening to speak of religion. Then, for the second time, he went near to forfeit all the esteem he had previously acquired. "When he came to speak about his religion," says our informant, "it appeared to be not in the slightest respect like the true way. Wisdom and folly became suddenly interchanged in him; at first I thought him very intelligent, but when he began to explain his doctrine, he became like a fool. It was just as if one had heard the words of two men. . . . Yet I thought that perhaps the doctrine of the existence of a Creator may not be false."

Various symptoms appear to indicate that, as in old Japan, so amongst ourselves, before the twentieth century shall be much older, it will be hard for believers in the supernatural to make themselves understood by a large section even of their most intelligent countrymen, on account not of any ambiguities of terminology, but of the absolutely different planes of thought in which the two parties respectively dwell. An illustration is suggested by a recent utterance of one of the gravest and most serious-minded of our journals, which devoted an article to the consideration of "Literature as an Anodyne." Nothing, we were told, can so effectively deaden the sense of pain, even in the supreme agony of the death-bed, by withdrawing the mind from the consideration of anything but the intellectual interest which it awakens; and so we find in various instances dying men solacing themselves in such a manner with a favourite masterpiece. Russell Lowell, on the verge of death, declared he was perfectly happy because he was reading *Rob Roy*; Tennyson in like case called for *Cymbeline*; Whewell for *Mansfield Park*; while "George Eliot" was found reading—the *Imitation of Christ*. That there can be any mood more suitable for the hour of death than mere oblivion, or that any of the books enumerated could supply comfort and consolation differing in kind from that of the others, there was no sort of hint. The spiritual side of the matter, to a Christian of so overwhelming importance, appears to be as unintelligible to many persons around us, as was to the Japanese officials the dea of a man caring about the hardships or sufferings of a parcel of mere soldiers.

To be, or, Not to be.

In his recent work, *The Body of Christ*, dealing with the Real Presence, Canon Gore endeavours to dig the earth away from under the feet of the Schoolmen, and to build his Eucharistic belief on the bed-rock of Neo-Kantian metaphysics. The Canon writes: "He [God] makes this spiritual reality [the Body of Christ in the Holy Eucharist] to exist relatively, not absolutely; in such sense as to exist only for faith, the faith of the believing and worshipping Church, just as He creates the world to exist relatively, not absolutely, that is, to exist for rational beings and by the action of thought" (pp. 149—153).

It is not pretended that the following questions cannot be answered on Neo-Kantian principles. Only, whoever will answer them on those principles, may be led to consider whether his new foundation is a bed-rock or a peat-moss.

Q. 1. How did the earth get on without man during the Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary periods?

Q. 2. Before hydrogen was discovered, or the use of the spectroscope known, how did the fixed stars contain hydrogen?

Q. 3. Did the modern discovery of hydrogen as an element of the fixed stars create the fact, and project it backwards in time as a thing that had been for tens of thousands of years?

Q. 4. Has God any absolute existence apart from our faith in Him, or does He exist only in reference to the believing mind?

Q. 5. What is the relation of the general mind of mankind to the Mind of God? Are the two in any way identical?

Q. 6. Are all existent objects the thought of God? Are all possible objects? How do you distinguish existence from possibility?

Q. 7. Can you know the existence of any mind, other than your own, and independent of your thinking?

Reviews.

I.—A TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.¹

AFTER the Mass the Psalms have always formed the chief prayer of the Church, nor is there any other manual of devotion which can compare with them. They can draw tears, said St. Basil, even from the stoniest heart. Hence it is that the Church obliges all in Holy Orders to recite daily their Breviary, in the Offices of which the Psalms are the substantial part. It cannot unfortunately be said now, as it could in past days, that they form also the ordinary public evening service of the Catholic laity, but there is a nascent disposition to return to them from the vastly inferior forms of devotion which have for a time thrust them out. Father M'Swiney is one of those who sympathize deeply with this praiseworthy tendency, and it is to aid it, as well as to aid priests in the fulfilment of their obligation, that he has brought out the present translation.

The English version of the Psalms in our Douay Bibles is a translation from the Vulgate Latin, and this in turn is a revision by St. Jerome of an old Latin translation from the Greek of the Septuagint. The Septuagint dates back at least to the second century before Christ, and represents a Hebrew text containing important variants from the Masoretic Hebrew text, from which our modern Protestant translations have been made. As the Septuagint version is slavishly literal we are able with its help to reconstitute its Hebrew original, and compare it with the Masoretic. Thus its literalism makes it valuable for critical purposes, but as this literalism is faithfully reproduced in the Vulgate the reader of the latter is often much perplexed, especially where the idiomatic use of prepositions and conjunctions and of tenses is ignored. Another source of perplexity for the reader who is not a student springs from the

¹ *Translation of the Psalms and Canticles with Commentary.* By James M'Swiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Sands and Co, 1901.

well-known fact that in the days when the Septuagint version was made only the consonantal letters were written down in a Hebrew Manuscript, the vowel sounds being preserved by oral tradition. The Septuagint translators have in many places read in different vowels from the editors of the Masoretic text, whether from ignorance or because they followed a different tradition. On the whole their variants due to this cause are inferior to those of the Masoretes, but occasionally they appear to have preserved for us the true reading which the others had lost.

From this summary statement it will be realized how hard was the task for a writer like Father M'Swiney, who wished to make the Vulgate text intelligible to a class of readers not sufficiently leisured or patient to study a full commentary. What he has done has been to give in two parallel columns very literal translations from the Masoretic Hebrew and the Latin Vulgate. Then follow some extremely concise notes, in which the meaning where obscure is indicated, and the variants between the two texts where necessary are briefly discussed. In our judgment he has done his work really cleverly, and much more successfully than we should have thought possible within the space. He does not overload his pages unnecessarily with erudition, but has it at his disposal when necessary to elucidate the sense. He is not content, as so many commentators have been in the past, to put *a* sense on the words, but seeks for *the* sense, and usually exhibits a sound judgment in detecting it. There are a few Introductions on the date and authorship of the Psalms; on the titles prefixed to them which are very ancient but apparently were not in the originals; and on the Messianic Psalms. This last is a point on which Father M'Swiney touches lightly, apart, of course, from the cases in which the New Testament citation is decisive. He is treating the Psalms from a devotional not a theological standpoint, and rightly observes that the original reference is not so important here as in other books of the Bible. "It is evident," says Father M'Swiney, "that they are the divinely dictated expression of the religion of the Church in the successive stages of her growth and development, and that their local colouring, the subjective dispositions of their human authors, are but the symbolic presentment of an ideal, *i.e.*, of a higher, because heavenly reality." And hence "they are to be studied, not as a collection of old Hebrew lyrics, but as the prayer and praise welling up from the heart of Him in

whom centre the faith, trust, and adoring love of all the Sons of God."

This book has been excellently got up by the publishers, and would make a nice present to a newly ordained cleric.

2.—A NEW BOOK ABOUT STONYHURST.¹

The steady production of school and college histories, bearing witness to a like demand, is a marked feature of these latter days, and the now accustomed appearance of Catholic establishments on the lists of those thus commemorated is a thing that many who repudiate the notion of being old or even elderly could not have imagined in their fervid youth.

Stonyhurst has had its full share of literary records, if the term may be applied to works in some of which the literary element was conspicuously lacking, for in truth the generation of its chroniclers was not fortunate in its beginnings. But now all that is changed. Since the appearance, just seven years ago, of the *Centenary Record*, the actual history of the College itself, and of the home it has found, is at the command of those who choose to read it; while for a score of years the school *Magazine* has been elaborating for posterity a picture of the life of the place, and the indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has at various times essayed a similar service for the period of his own experiences, nigh sixty years ago.

Nevertheless there is ample room for the handsome new volume just issued. The *Centenary Record* was a show book, too bulky and too costly for ordinary use. Moreover, since its appearance a whole generation of boys has come and gone, and an institution like Stonyhurst lives fast, so that there is not a little to be added to the chronicle by way of supplement. Most important of all, the present authors have opened up fresh ground of the greatest interest. As to past history, they modestly disclaim any function but that of editing what has already been given to the world, and, excellent as is the narrative which they have thus produced, it is in the portions of the book in which they depend upon themselves alone that their chief merit will be found. Such is, of necessity, the seventh

¹ *Stonyhurst College. Its past History and Life in the present.* By the Rev. George Gruggen, S.J., and the Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J. xii. and 280 pp. With numerous Illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, 1901. 7s. 6d.

chapter, "The Centenary," and such, still more distinctively, are those which follow, dealing with "Studies," "Games," "Byways of Education," and above all, "Religious Life and Discipline." In this, the question is boldly faced about which we hear so much, and not chiefly from those whose experience entitle them to speak upon it, that of the supervision which it is right and proper to exercise over boys at school. It would be unfair to the authors to attempt a curtailment of their sound and sensible summary of the common-sense view of the matter, and it must be sufficient to quote their description of the supervision obtaining at Stonyhurst, where it is supposed to flourish with unwonted luxuriance. "It may," they write, "be briefly and simply described as an endeavour to carry out at school the kind of supervision that a conscientious parent feels bound to exercise over the life and conduct of his children at home."

The book contains ten full-page illustrations of Stonyhurst and its surroundings, as well as a score of smaller insets or vignettes, all being reproductions from photographs of unusual precision and brilliancy, the work of a Stonyhurst artist.

In this list is not included the Frontispiece, a portrait of the Pious Founder, to wit Father Robert Parsons, whose name is at present very much before the public. It is undoubtedly to him that Stonyhurst owes its existence, being the lineal descendant of the College at St. Omers established by him in the last decade of the sixteenth century. Not only Parsons himself, but his portraiture as well, is of interest at this time, and the particular presentment of his features which has in this instance been selected is decidedly unfamiliar. It is, we believe, taken from a painting at Stonyhurst to which special authority is ascribed. For our own part we must confess to a preference for the original Roman picture which presents a stronger and more rugged face, harmonizing better with our idea of the man. The photograph here given is we believe taken from a painting at Stonyhurst, the pedigree of which is uncertain, but we shall be returning to the whole subject of Parsons' likeness in a subsequent number.

The publishers have made the external of the book decidedly attractive. It wears a garb of silver and green, the heraldic tinctures of the Shireburn family, whose heirs the College has become.

3.—THE PORTRAIT OF BOURDALOUE.¹

The ardour with which Father Henri Chérot has devoted himself to gathering up and illustrating with abundant learning all the surviving memorials of the great orator, Father Bourdaloue, leads us to offer him our heartiest congratulations upon his latest find. It is in some ways the most important contribution he has yet made to this study of predilection. The portrait of Bourdaloue engraved by Simonneau and prefixed to the *editio princeps* of the *Sermons* (1707) has long been known and esteemed. It has even given rise to a legend; for the orator, seated with folded hands before his study table, is represented with closed eyes, and the inference has been drawn that he appeared no otherwise to the crowds who flocked to his sermons. The belief however that Bourdaloue was blind or that he preached with his eyes shut is only a vulgar error. The erudite have always known that the engraving we speak of was based on a drawing made after death by the painter Jean Jouvenet. What however was the nature of this intermediate work of Jouvenet? Down to the appearance of Father Chérot's monograph this may be said to have remained a mystery. We now learn from him, and can verify the facts for ourselves by means of three admirable photogravures, that Jouvenet first of all sketched the subject in crayon from the dead countenance of the orator and then painted a portrait in oil, which found its way at the beginning of this century to the Alte Pinakothek in Munich, where it is still preserved. The portrait is a singularly pleasing one, and in this respect offers a contrast to not a few of the representations of illustrious Jesuits which line the walls of the residences of the Society. Father Chérot has had the skill to make the letterpress of his brochure thoroughly interesting, and he expresses a hope that its publication may perhaps lead to the identification of other authentic portraits of Bourdaloue which are believed to be still in existence. The large photogravure of the Munich picture is so beautiful a work of art that one regrets to see it folded in two in the volume before it; it thoroughly deserves a frame.

¹ *Iconographie de Bourdaloue.* Par H. Chérot, S.J. Paris: Victor Retaux. 4to, only 300 copies printed.

Etude Généalogique sur les Bourdaloue. Par J. B. E. Tausserat and H. Chérot. Paris: Victor Retaux.

Deux Nouvelles Lettres de Bourdaloue;

Lettre Inédite de Bourdaloue à F. B. de Saron, &c., &c.

We may also take this opportunity of directing attention to several other recent publications of the same accomplished editor which deal with isolated letters of Bourdaloue previously unknown. One of these is preserved among the manuscript collections of the British Museum, others come from Berlin or from private libraries. All have been elaborately annotated and most carefully edited.

4—THE LETTERS OF BLESSED PETER CANISIUS.¹

Regarded only as a monument of patient labour and research, Father Braunsberger's edition of the letters of Blessed Peter Canisius may be described without exaggeration as one of the most remarkable literary performances of our times, even in this age of accurate editing. Not only has he hunted down his materials in every likely and unlikely quarter, accumulating a mass of documents which can hardly be rivalled by the correspondence of a great Minister of State, but he has elaborately annotated and discussed them, he has furnished Latin translations of all the numerous papers written in Italian or Spanish, and he has printed the text with a punctilious adherence to the spelling and even the punctuation of the original which seems to us, as to some other critics, to err almost on the side of over-scrupulosity. Moreover, the elaborate apparatus provided for facilitating access to this storehouse of information seems to approach as near to perfection as possible. The Indexes, occupying some thirty pages or more in each volume, are full and admirably clear, while a chronological summary is provided which includes, amongst many other useful things, what is practically a complete itinerary of the much-travelled author. Bulky as the work threatens to be, we have never seen a collection of documents better equipped for purposes of reference.

It was said above that Canisius's correspondence is hardly less voluminous than that of a Minister of State. The resemblance is not confined to the bulk, but also extends to the importance of the matters treated of. It would be the greatest possible mistake to suppose that the materials printed here are of interest only to the hagiographer or the ascetic. So far from that, we should be inclined to say that even the *Nuntiatur*

¹ *Beati Petri Canisii, S.J. Epistole et Acta.* Edidit Otto Braunsberger, S.J. Vols. ii. and iii. lxii. 950 and lx. 876 pp. Freiburg: Herder, 1898—1901.

Berichte, or the correspondence of such a Minister as Cardinal Granvelle, are not of more importance to the historian of this period than the letters of Blessed Peter Canisius. Canisius was the central figure of the *Gegen-Reformation*, that reaction against the Lutheran movement and its excesses, which saved half Germany, if not France itself, from being sucked into the vortex. He was, consequently, brought into relation with all the illustrious people on the Catholic side, and the attentive reader who studies these documents and who observes how secular businesses of every possible kind began to be thrust upon this holy Religious in such a way as made escape impossible, will perhaps learn, amongst other lessons, to judge more leniently of the gradual entanglement in politics of men like Parsons or Creighton. Blessed Peter was a saint, and his work was for the most part crowned with success. It is not claimed that Parsons was a saint, but the harshness with which his work has been judged, is, in large measure, due to the fact that the cause with which he identified himself was from the beginning a hopeless one.

We have not space to attempt any sort of summary, however brief, of the ceaseless labours of Blessed Peter during the period covered by these two volumes. It must be sufficient to say that they extend from 1556 to 1562, and that during the last year of this period his interest and activity were largely taken up with the reassembling of the Council of Trent. The letters printed in vols. ii. and iii. number 531, and with them are given some 300 other documents of various kinds. We may add that the typography of this important undertaking reflects the greatest credit upon the firm of Herder, which publishes it.

5.—THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.¹

This book is, as the author tells us, "in its main features, a reproduction of the second edition of the *Story of the Expansion of South Africa*" (another work by the same writer), and is "intended as a concise manual of South African History for general use, and as a reading-book in schools." We have gone through this little book from beginning to end, and hasten to thank the author for the pleasure it has given us. It is truly

¹ *The History of South Africa.* By the Hon. A. Wilmot, K.S.G., F.R.G.S., &c. London: Kegan Paul, 1901.

"a concise manual" on a very wide subject—a subject so wide that many persons would have shrunk from attempting to treat it in compendious form.

But, within the limited space at his disposal, our author has done his work in an admirable manner, and has succeeded in conveying a very accurate impression of the broad outlines of South African history. We especially admire the clearness with which, on page 35, he divides his subject into three main epochs. The first period extends from "the 9th of April, 1652," when the Dutch governor "Van Riebeeck assumed the government of the embryo colony," until "exactly one hundred and sixty-eight years after, on the 9th of April, 1820, when the first ships bringing settlers to the eastern districts anchored in Algoa Bay." The occupation and subsequent conquest of the Cape in January, 1806, by England are merely incidents in this long period, not greatly affecting the domestic affairs of the settlers. This epoch is happily compared to the long slumber of Rip Van Winkle.

The second period extends from 1820 till "fifty years subsequently diamonds were found at Kimberley."

The third period covers the time from the founding of Kimberley to the present day—a period filled with exciting incidents, exploration and discovery, prospecting for diamonds and gold, and (sad to say) much war and bloodshed.

Through all these phases our author conducts us evenly and pleasantly; though, of course, the earlier incidents are those which can be treated most dispassionately. The History of Natal is told in separate chapters. This involves some repetition in order to dovetail its chronicles into the main scheme of South African history.

On the whole, the author seems successful in treating the many thorny questions from an impartial stand-point, and tells his story as far as possible without bias or prejudice. To take a few instances. He goes into the question of the rights and wrongs of "white *versus* black," and shows the harm that is done by cheap philanthropists at home who sometimes champion the black without going into the merits of the case. The miseries suffered by a colony on account of party politics in England are also touched on—notably in the palmary instance of the battle-dore and shuttle-cock policy pursued with regard to the Transvaal. He also gives details as full as can be expected about the "Voortrekkers," and tells the honest truth on the "diamond fields" question.

We must demur to some extent to the very optimistic view taken as to the prospects for intending settlers in Rhodesia (p. 9 and pp. 174—180)—at least for the present, and till the country is more fully opened up. In close connection with a rose-coloured description of the natural resources and beauty of the country we are told (p. 9) that, "there are low districts, in which fever prevails," and again (p. 180, note 1) that, "of course it must be well understood that fever prevails more or less in all the tropical and semi-tropical countries of South-Eastern Africa"—statements which rather take the gilt off the gingerbread. Again, on page 9, attention is called to the great opportunities "now given to the civilized world through the efforts of men who, *while attending to their own interest*, throw open immense fields for energy, *capital*, and labour." The italics are ours, and it is well to pay attention to them, because they emphasize certain clauses of the sentence which might otherwise be slurred over. The intending settler would do well to make sure that he does not become the mere helot of a huge Trust which attends wholly to its own interests. We are also told of the "immense fields for energy, *capital*, and labour" thrown open by the Chartered Company. Ask any one who knows, and he will tell you that no amount of "energy" and "labour" will avail a man unless he has a certain amount of "capital" to tide over a bad season or a period when work is slack.

We have noted some minor blemishes. The author twice quotes the same sentiment from Gray's *Elegy* (p. 27 and p. 135), but each time in different words, so at least one of the citations must be inaccurate. We confess that we had never even heard of "the great South African poet Pringle" (p. 96).

We believe it is incorrect to speak of the famous Dutch Admiral as *Van Tromp* (p. 62).

On page 152, we find "Walwich Bay," a misprint for "Walfish Bay," as correctly given on the map.

Finally, we must enter a vigorous protest against the extraordinary form, "Ladismith."

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FROM the Catholic Truth Society we receive *Ave Maris Stella*, a penny booklet of verse by all sorts and conditions of men in praise of her whom all generations unite in styling Blessed. These tributes to her are chiefly drawn from that delightful anthology, the *Carmina Mariana* of Mr. Orby Shipley. The idea of thus popularizing what so well deserves to be popular is an admirable one, but we are not quite sure as to the selection actually made. Where there was so much from which to choose, it is not easy to understand how some of the pieces came to be taken, as, for instance the hymn translated from Savonarola, which in its English garb shows nothing of the beauty that in the original it doubtless possesses.

Mr. Washbourne issues a new edition of the *Roman Missal* for the use of the Laity in attractive style and convenient form. It is to be had at prices ranging according to bindings from 5s. to 18s. net.

The aims and objects of the advocates of temperance are so wholly excellent, and the evils they denounce so terrible, that we must regret the harm done so frequently to their own cause by the want of temperateness in their language. We cannot but think that Professor Campbell, for instance, would be much more likely to obtain a hearing for his brochure (*Intemperance*. First, Second, and Third Series. Burns and Oates) if he did not so clearly let it be seen that he regards every one who drinks a glass of wine or beer as being on the downward grade towards the abyss. This is what mankind will never be induced to believe, and they will not listen with patience to any teacher who begins by attempting to convince them of it. What, we would also ask, is the good to be gained by quoting as though in favour of the Temperance Crusade every utterance ancient or modern in which the word "temperance" or "abstinence" occurs? What would Herrick, for example, think if he could find himself exhibited as a champion of teetotalism?

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (May 4 and 18.)

The Papal Allocution of April 15th. Giuseppe Mazzini. Divorce in Italy. Father Cros' volume on Lourdes. The Anti-Christian Conspiracy of Freemasonry. Trades Unions and the Employers of Labour.

DER KATHOLIK. (May.)

The Duty of Spreading the Faith. *P. H. Fischer*. Rome in the Second Half of the Year of Jubilee. *Dr. A. Bellesheim*. Labour and Wages in the idea of St. Thomas Aquinas. *Dr. K. Hilgenreiner*. The Vatican Council and the Culturkampf. *Dr. H. Brück*. The Life of Tetzels. *Dr. N. Paulus*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (May.)

The Intellectual Duty of Women. *Canon Valentin*. Praying and Struggling. *Abbé Delfour*. The Carthusians as depicted in their Menology. *P. Ragey*. The Character of Fouché. *J. Laurentie*. Victor Hugo as a painter of Landscape. *L. Aguetant*. The Transvaal as it was Ten Years Ago. *Floridy*. Reviews, &c.

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (May 20.)

The Siege of Fan-Kia-Kata. *J. Bataille*. The Waldeck Bill and the Right of Association. *H. Prélôt*. Mgr. de Ketteler and the Vatican Council. *H. de Bigault*. Bonald in his Unpublished Correspondence. *H. Chérot*. Java and its Inhabitants. *J. B. Piolet*. Two New Optical Instruments. *J. de Joannis*. Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (May.)

Notes on Verona. *A. Goffin*. Among the Icebergs. *Dr. Moeller*. The Dramatic Art of Edmond Rostand. *F. Buet*. The Life of Pasteur. *H. Prinhault*. Electricity in the House. *E. de Ghélin*. The Hague Conference. *A. Halot*.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. (May.)

Systems and Counter-Systems of Education. *E. Magevney, S.J.* The Causality of the Sacraments. *Dr. C. Cronin*. Principles of Ornamentation in Church Building. *J. B. Hogan*. Luke Delmege. By the author of "My New Curate." *Analecta*. Papal Documents, &c.

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